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# THE PEAK COUNTRY

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# THE PEAK COUNTRY

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# PREFACE

The Peak Country bears a character of its own among English touring-grounds, hardly any so well packed with natural spectacles and curiosities. The Artist could not fail to find abundant material for illustration in its swelling moorlands, the limestone parapets of its deep-sunk dales, its romantic streams and fearsome caverns, and in or about more than one noble mansion-house opened to gentle and simple. The Author has done his best to accompany these pictures with a *catalogue raisonnée* of the "Wonders of the Peak," and of the resources of visitors to such popular spas as Buxton and Matlock, whence are sought out more secluded scenes like Dovedale and Edale. In George III.'s

time the Derbyshire Wonders made the theme of a pantomime on the London stage, so it would be strange if they could not furnish an attractive subject for this series of volumes illustrating the various beauties of our country.

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# THE PEAK COUNTRY

## THE DERBYSHIRE HIGHLANDS

The more and the less lofty uplands forming the High and Low Peak may be defined as the southern vertebra of a rocky backbone that runs through the upper half of England, with ribs stretched out along its lateral river-valleys. The general aspect of this region is one of moorish tablelands and rugged ridges, hollowed by deep glens, locally known as *dales*, or, in the case of wilder ravines, as *cloughs*, which, with their rich show of crag, wood, and torrent, make its most striking scenery. Limestone is the prevalent formation in the Peak, often varied by darker rocks of millstone grit. It is the weathering of these hard surfaces into fantastic shapes, their hollowing by

water, and the contrast of their bare sides with vegetation rooted in the sheltered clefts, that give a peculiar character to the Peak landscapes. The "wonders" of the Peak, its gloomy caverns, its stalactite vaults, its petrifying springs, the "swallows" in which its streams vanish for a time, belong also to the fissured limestone skeleton which, exhibiting such phenomena on a huge scale in Austrian Carniola, is scientifically known as the Karst formation.

The name *Peak* makes a stumbling-block for strangers who come to this district looking out for such a here exceptional outline as is locally styled a *pike*. The more prominent tops bear often the title of *low*, akin to the Scottish law, while *tor* commonly denotes less conspicuous heights, and *edge* is a descriptive name readily suggested by the cliffs that steeply wall in a sunken hollow. By no means peakish appears from most points of view what is marked in maps as the Peak, that highest mass of land in the Derbyshire

IN MILLER'S DALE NEAR LITTON MILLS

Highlands, that eminently displays their characteristic form of rocky ridge and moorish tableland. The Peak country was so named from an ancient stock of inhabitants, whose bounds seem to have extended into the hilly edges of the neighbouring counties, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Stafford. *Péaclond* is the name the Saxon Chronicle took from a tribe which rash philologists have tried to father on the not less obscure Picts. But when I seek a derivation from Dr Bradley, of the Oxford Dictionary, himself half a Derbyshire man, he, as one of our best authorities for such questions, can afford to answer, "I do not know."

One may well use caution in speaking of those misty Péacs, who, Celtic or pre-Celtic, have certainly left a name to the country, and have probably left the weather-worn monuments that dot the hills of Derbyshire as the Cornish moors: barrows, cairns, camps, stone circles, rocking-stones, and other rude structures mingled with freaks of Nature often appearing to imitate or to mock the works of man. The most imposing of those

monuments is Arbor Low, that ranks second only to the Wiltshire stone circles among such South British remains. When antiquaries have settled when Stonehenge was erected, within a thousand years or so, whether it was designed as a tomb, a temple, a place of sacrifice, a sun observatory, a rendezvous of priests or chiefs, or what, it will be time to answer the like question about Arbor Low; and meanwhile the mystic epithet Druidical comes in useful to cover our ignorance. On a height about a mile to the east of Parsley Hay station, its overthrown blocks lie in a rough circle, looking over a bleak, bare landscape that still makes a fit setting for such a place of awe. As Bateman points out (*Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire*), "Were it not for a few stone fences which intervene in the foreground, the solitude of the place and the boundless view of an uncultivated country are such as almost carry the observer back through a multitude of centuries, and make him believe that he sees the same view and the same state of

things as existed in the days of the architects of this once holy fane."

The Péacs, like neighbouring tribes, had to draw back before more disciplined valour disturbing their strongholds and sanctuaries. Of the Roman invasion there are very clear traces in this rocky heart of the Midlands. We may guess how the legions had to secure their roads through a country of sturdy Highlanders, by strong camps such as that still to be traced above the Noe Valley. We know the weakness of those conquerors for hot baths, so we are not surprised to find memorials of them at Buxton and Matlock, as, indeed, all over the county. Derbyshire seems to have supplied them with lead as Cornwall with tin. Pigs of lead bearing Latin inscriptions have turned up here and there; and the old mine-caves show marks of Roman handiwork. For, very early, this region began to be scarred with quarries and honeycombed with mines, of which Nature has often made a beginning in the anfractuosities and hollows of the limestone hills, veined

with mineral curiosities as well as with useful metals.

The chief Roman station appears to have been *Derventio*, that stood close to the county town, for which its Danish occupants became godfathers in their name *Deoraby*, both words probably rooted on the Celtic *dwr*, water, surviving in Derwents and Dores not confined to Derbyshire. A few miles from Derby came to flourish Repton, the capital of Saxon Mercia, for whose thanes and princes we can imagine many an adventure with Roderick Dhus and Rob Roys holding out in the Peak highlands, while Derbyshire was still much of a British Kentucky, dark and bloody battleground of rival races.

It would be long before peace settled on the rugged crests of Peakland. William the Conqueror gave this district in fief to his natural son Peveril, who on a commanding situation built the seignoral Castle of the Peak that may have had Saxon or Celtic predecessors. This stronghold, soon passing out of the hands of the Peverils, was model

for other Norman settlements under which the local history became merged with that of mediæval England. Yet for long the Peak folk kept a rough independence of character they have not wholly lost, now that their bleak country is spangled with old churches and lordly halls, succeeding the fortress dwellings of Norman knights, as these replaced the Roman stations, and the airy camps of half-naked tribesmen.

Visitors thirsting for easy history make a mistake in turning to Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*, which has very little of the Peak, and not as much as could be wished of the great magician, who might have broken his wand before trying to summon the spirits of the past among hills unfamiliar to him. That novel's action, built round the Popish Plot, is partly in the Isle of Man and in London, and its Derbyshire scenes appear tame and inaccurate. Had the author been more at home in the Peak country, he might have begotten upon it a romance of his hapless heroine, Mary of Scots, who spent her long

English imprisonment mainly on the edge of this region.

The Queen's usual place of confinement was Sheffield, where she occupied sometimes the castle, sometimes a lodge in the park, then as notable for fine timber as this naturally picturesque town has come to be for forests of chimney stacks; but now and again she was removed to other seats of her keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury. More than once we find her in closer quarters at Tutbury Castle, three miles from Burton, already a place of beer; then again at Wingfield Manor, the ruins of which make one of the favourite excursions from Matlock. For a change she would be taken to Chatsworth, where her "Bower" is shown in the park, and a brass in Edensor Church records the death here of her faithful servant John Beaton. Willie Douglas, the page who so gallantly furthered her escape from Lochleven, was another of the captive train which Shrewsbury tried hard to keep down to the number of thirty. The caged Queen, who perhaps made the most of her ailments,

suffered much from rheumatism and other symptoms of what seems a sluggish liver; then several times she was allowed to seek relief from the waters of Buxton. Here, on her last visit, she wrote with a diamond upon a window of the old hall, now an hotel, the Latin lines thus "elegantly" translated:

> Buxton, farewell! No more perhaps my feet
> Thy famous tepid stream shall ever greet—

verses that seem more or less cribbed from those doubtfully attributed to Cæsar, better known as "a writer of prose for lower forms"—

> Feltria, perpetuo nivium damnata rigore,
> Forte mihi posthac non habitanda, Vale—

At first Mary might ride out hunting and viewing the beauties of Derbyshire. When more closely confined she took to the petting of dogs, and to fancy needlework, such as the specimens preserved at Hardwick, while her favourite occupation was weaving of the plots unravelled in Mr J. D. Leader's

elaborate record of her captivity. In this story the person who appears most to be pitied is the unfortunate Shrewsbury, condemned to a long term of hard labour as keeper of a most costly and troublesome captive. Himself crippled by infirmities, he stood in continual dread that the Queen might die in his hands, a consummation to be wished by a good Protestant but for scandalous rumours that would affect his honour: there were too many precedents in English history for secret murder of illustrious pretenders. He was distracted between the wiles and intrigues of Mary and the meanness and suspicion of his own mistress, who hardly rewarded him with thanks for the burden of such a charge, and grudged the weekly payment of £52 promised for the prisoner's maintenance. Latterly his troubles were increased by family feuds, stirred up round Mary, with whom his Countess was at one time on friendly terms, but ended by fits of shrewish jealousy as to her husband's relations with the royal siren.

This lady was the renowned Bess of Hardwick, that busy virago who has left her marks so conspicuously in and about the Peak country. The much-married Elizabeth Hardwick was born heiress of a small estate, where she built the picturesque Hardwick Hall that is still one of the sights of Derbyshire, "more glass than wall," as the local rhyme puts it; and Lord Bacon complains of its ample windows, "one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun." Very early in her teens she married Robert Barlow of Barlow, who presently died, leaving the girl-widow rich by his property joined to her own. After a considerable interval she united this wealth with that of Sir William Cavendish, on whose death she became mistress of Chatsworth, and completed there another fine mansion, which was to give place to the present "Palace of the Peak." Her next husband was Sir William St Loe, whose death made her richer than ever. Finally, she gave her hand to Shrewsbury, and survived him for years, after being the

torment of his life, so that once he sighs out to a correspondent, "I am most quiet when I have fewest women here."

His lady's amusement, after making mischief, was building palaces, as many as she had husbands. Tradition ascribes this mania to a fortune-teller's prediction that she would never die till she ceased to build; and legend puts down her death to a hard frost, when, though she made the workmen mix their mortar first with hot water, and then with warm beer, nothing could prevent their work and her life being frozen out together. The ruling passion was carried out by her tomb in All Saints' Church, Derby, "a ton of marble" prepared in her lifetime, with an epitaph that of course contradicts Lodge's character of her as "a woman of a masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a moneylender, a farmer, a merchant of lead, coals and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the prejudice

and terror of her husband. She lived to a great old age, continually flattered, but seldom deceived, and died in 1607, immensely rich and without a friend."

By the marriage of her daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish, to the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's brother, this Derbyshire Cleopatra became grandmother of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stewart, whose drops of Tudor blood brought upon her the scurvy suspicion of James I. The family relations prove most perplexing, when we have to remember that another daughter of the Countess was wedded to Shrewsbury's son by a former marriage, and that his daughter Grace married her eldest Cavendish son, whose decendants became Dukes of Devonshire. From her, too, descended the Dukes of Newcastle, and the extinct Dukes of Kingston, as well as less illustrious shoots of nobility. The other dukes who hold property in Derbyshire, Rutland and Norfolk, had ancestors also mixed up in Mary's perilous affairs at that period. A humbler victim was the Derbyshire squire Anthony

Babington, who, like so many greater men, lost his heart to the Scottish sorceress and ended by losing his head, as Norfolk had done before him.

A momentous point in the history of the Devonshire family was when the fourth Earl took a lead in inviting over the Prince of Orange, who rewarded him with a dukedom for the plot hatched in a little inn near Chesterfield, preserved as one of the monuments of the county; then, in the next century, his house came to be looked on as head of the Whig nobility. On the whole, Derbyshire has been a Whiggish county. In the ebb and flow of the Civil War, the miners came out on the royal side; but Sir William Gell made havoc among the castles and halls of such gentlemen as held by King Charles; and the President of the regicide Court was John Bradshaw, whose squirely home stands near Chapel-en-le-Frith. The church of this place has a sad memory of fifteen hundred Scottish prisoners who in 1648 were shut up here for more than a fortnight, some fifty or

more of them dying in what must have been a very Black Hole.

Again, Derbyshire saw Scottish invasion when Prince Charlie marched as far as Derby, only skirting the Peak country, indeed, as he advanced by Macclesfield and Ashbourne. There are memories of how the Matlock people took refuge in their caves for fear of the hairy Highlanders, and how Peak farmers hid away their cattle in secluded folds of the hills that must have often stood up like islands over stormy waves of war. The Prince and his attendants are said to have bivouacked in Ludchurch, that extraordinary labyrinthine gorge above the valley of the Dane, which made a traditional retreat for Robin Hood and for the persecuted Lollards, such a sure one that not even guide-book editors have always been able to hit on its obscure entrance.

Even before "the last English pig fell in fair battle upon English ground"—a date thrown too far back in Sydney Smith's view — Derbyshire had entered upon an

epoch of industrial victories. Our silk and cotton manufactures were cradled in this part of the country, the mills being set up rather in the lowland valleys, but factories will now be found flourishing under some of the wildest heights of the Peak. On the eastern border of the county are its chief coal, iron, and clay works. The Peak is more given up to quarrying, lime-burning and what may be called fancy stonework, the winning and cutting of its rare spars and other curious minerals. It was hoped that the high price of lead might revive the mining that once made the Peak's staple, as tin mining has had a fillip in Cornwall; but the Derbyshire lead mines seem sunk beyond working at a profit unless through their by-product of fluor spar, which proves to have a prosaic value as a flux for smelting. Lead ore is more imported from Spain, to which country a century ago Derbyshire sent a good deal of manufactured lead, in the form of Brown Bess bullets for free exchange with France.

ODIN MINE AND MAM TOR, NEAR CASTLETON

What with one industry and another, Derbyshire villages, where they have not expanded into towns, are apt to show their quaint corners hidden away among lines of rawly unbeautiful dwellings, whose inmates seem little disposed to sing

> O, let us love our occupations,
> Bless the squire and his relations,
> Live upon our daily rations,
> And always know our proper stations!

Strangers find them a hearty and friendly folk; but time was when the "Peakrill" miners and moorland farmers had the name of being rude and unmannerly, as might be expected of men often living remote from "where bells have knolled to church." The Church, though it counts among its Derbyshire pastors a hero like Mompesson of Eyam and more than one scholarly divine, seems to have done less to tame its parishioners than did such a preacher as the ejected nonconformist Bagshaw, known as Apostle of the Peak. Lollards and Puritans in turn found here congenial solitudes for their

dangerous worship; Quakers, through hardships and mockery, rose to respect; and later on Methodism took firm root on this rocky soil. Some of the old families of those hills have, through good and evil fortune, clung to the Roman communion; while certain of their neighbours inclined rather to agree with that Orangeman who on his deathbed desired the articles of Catholic faith to be recited to him, because, as he professed, "whatever they believe, I don't."

After local preachers and factory-builders, the next epoch in the history of these highlands was the coming of the picturesque-hunters. The Wonders of the Peak had hitherto been looked on with a certain awe, baptized by gruesome names after the spirits of evil that seemed at home in lonely ravines and mysterious caverns, till the nineteenth century learned to make a jest of the devil and a holiday of the sublime. Curious travellers like Cotton and whoever wrote the Tour published under Defoe's name, helped to make known the attractions of a region

that with better means of travel became more and more celebrated. Repton, the dogmatist of such "improvers" of Nature as came into fashion under George III., pronounced Derbyshire "the most romantic county in England." By 1785, visitors must have been plentiful, for then William Hutton finds fault with the "tarnished, ragged, and happy people" as having learned the trick of begging. The fame of the Buxton wells and the Matlock water cure brought visitors on the railways that so much grieved Ruskin's spirit. Now the poetic or artistic soul may find his delight too noisily neighboured, when on a bank-holiday our thickest area of industrial population sends its myriads to open their lungs on the Peak moorlands, and Sheffield artisans file by hundreds through the ducal halls of Chatsworth, which, even in their first more modest form, counted among the "Seven Wonders of the Peak."

Some of these wonders seem now hardly so wonderful as they were to our forefathers; but science has taught us to look

with fresh reverence on the very freaks of Nature, charged with instruction rather than with amazement for our eyes; and the spirit of our generation finds solace and inspiration in prospects from which men once turned in dread or disgust. Such scenes we shall find thickly set in the Peak country, from Glossop to Ashborne, between the Derwent and the Dove valleys, an area marked by a character of its own, that well deserves its renown among the picturesque regions of England.

RAVEN'S DALE CRESSBROOK

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## KINDERSCOUT

It is a commonplace to state how the Nature-lover's point of view has shifted in the course of a century or so. The early Peak guides pass by with lack-lustre indifference, if not with a shudder, those open moors that are the delight of our close-packed generation. Take the Reverend Prebendary Gilpin, for example, that worthy schoolmaster who laid down rules of the picturesque for our Georgian forefathers, hunting up examples on tours that were, indeed, unkindly caricatured in the name of "Dr Syntax." He censures the wild scenes of Derbyshire as sadly wanting in "composition" and not decorated with "great and noble objects"; he has no patience with its "dreary, barren hills," while

he admits the "bold projecting rocks" as claimants for picturesqueness, though "some of them are rather fantastic." The French geologist Faujas de St Fond expatiates on the caves and rocks of the Peak, but he dismisses its general aspect as *triste*; and, to tell the whole truth, some modern amateurs of wild Nature are found hinting at a certain austereness in the Derbyshire moors as compared with those of Wales and Scotland. The post-chaise tourists of former generations have hardly a word to say of the highest mountain here, which probably they never went near for want of good roads and comfortable inns. This, at the north-west corner of the Peak country, is marked in maps as "the Peak"; but its proper name is Kinderscout, that seems to mean the "ridge of sheep" or perhaps the "cliff of beacon-fires."

The "Peak" of maps turns out to be rather a ridge a few miles long, its steep edges, studded by rough knolls and weather-worn rocks, enclosing a "black and morose platform of gritstone" and looking sternly

down on the glens furrowing its flanks for some score of miles around. It is better to use the more specific name, at least for the culminating ridge, yet Mrs Humphry Ward, who has celebrated it in *David Grieve*, falls into the map heresy in describing its scenery. "The top of the Peak is, so to speak, a vast black glacier, whereof the crevasses are great fissures, ebon black in colour, sometimes ten feet deep, and with ten feet more of black water at the bottom. For miles on either side the ground is seamed and torn with these crevasses, now shallower, now deeper, succeeding each other at intervals of a yard or two; and it is they which make the crossing of the Peak in the dark or in mist a matter of danger sometimes even for the native . . . . a region which has no features and no landmarks, where the earth lays snares for you, and the mists betray you, and where, even in bright sunshine, there reigns an eternal and indescribable melancholy." But as for the sides of this eminence, the same writer makes bold to declare how

"No such colour as clothed that bronzed and reddish wall of rock, heather and bilberry, is known to Westmorland, hardly to Scotland; it seems to be the peculiar property of that lonely and inaccessible district which marks the mountainous centre of mid-England."

Kinderscout, at its inconspicuous summit nearly 2100 feet high, is certainly the wildest part of the Peak country, if we waive a doubt as to whether it were actually included in that *Péac* tribe's bounds. It is also the still least known corner of this region, an effect of various causes. The towns at its base are too busy to lay themselves out for tourists. The roads on its south side do not encourage driving trips. Guide-books, especially those edited by elderly gentlemen, are apt to be much more vague on its features than on those of Buxton and Matlock. Strangers, then, find themselves at a loss what to see and how to get at it, the fact being that the lions of the mountain are not to be seen at all without special permission. It is mostly rented as

grouse-moors; on it show few buildings but the miniature castles in which our noble sportsmen encamp themselves against their ferocious game; so the doubtful tracks that traverse these preserves become, through part of the year, a war-path between keepers and trespassers, the baser sort of whom prove indeed a trial to any proprietor. In short, for the pleasure of a few this wild solitude was closed against the many; and harmless admirers of the beauties of Nature had here as elsewhere to suffer for the folly of those who can go nowhere without doing mischief. In our time, however, a local association undertook to stand up for rights of way; and a dispute bidding fair to fatten lawyers was settled by a *concordat* that marked out certain admitted or permitted paths, on which the wanderer will hardly fail to be kept straight by threatening notices not to trespass across what seems a forbidding wilderness.

Three railway stations make a triangle about the base of the mountain. Hayfield is easily reached by railway from Buxton,

or by a dozen miles of road, passing between the bold heights of Chinley Churn and South Head. Some half-dozen miles to the west of Hayfield, the Midland Dore and Chinley loop skirts the south side of Kinderscout, and has a station at Edale. On the north-east side, four or five miles from Hayfield, Glossop is finely situated, but given up to smoky industry that has made this one of the largest Derbyshire towns. On a branch of the Great Central rail from Manchester to Sheffield, it is strangely out of touch with the Derbyshire lines passing within a few miles of it; and the fine road, which hence runs behind Kinderscout, seems little used by Peak tourists, since the mountain cuts it off from ways into their more accessible highlands.

This is the modern Manchester and Sheffield road—made since Gilpin's day—that mounts from Glossop to be the highest highway in England, its line marked, alpine-wise, by posts of guidance in deep snow, as it passes over a waste of moors "traversed by few." The greatest elevation, nearly

UPPER TOR ROCKS FROM GRINDSBROOK, NEAR EDALE

1700 feet, comes some miles to the north of the Scout, where it has on the right the ironically named Featherbed Moss; and on the other side is walled in by little less lofty ridges stretching into Yorkshire. At its noted haven, the Snake Inn, which, seven miles from Glossop, may be counted as a fourth corner of Kinderscout, it has dropped to about 1000 feet. Hence it winds by the beautiful Woodlands Glen, beside the Ashop, that has a fall almost as fine as the more famous one of the Kinder. Taking in the Alport from the north, this stream flows into the Derwent at Ashopton, thirteen miles from Glossop, a point to which we shall return in another chapter.

Beyond the Derwent, the Sheffield road again rises upon rocky and wooded heights, till after ten miles it finds the edges and cloughs disguised in houses, as it comes down upon lofty suburbs overlooking the tower of Sheffield University and the Weston Park Museum, an institution which contains Mr Bateman's collection of Derbyshire antiquities, so that a visit to this city is

hardly out of the way for the Peak country tourist. And while he is about it, on another suburban height, above Heeley station of the Dore and Chinley line, he could visit Ruskin's Museum, placed here like a dock among nettles, where so many Tubal Cains are busy in turning iron into what local slang calls "brass." But Charles Reade, in his dramatic exaggeration, has unjustly libelled Sheffield in calling it "the most hideous town in creation," though built, as he says, "on one of the loveliest sites in England." It may be "pock-marked with public-houses," but the chimney stacks "stuck all over the place like cloves in an orange" are no longer allowed to defy the law by belching forth such thick volumes of black smoke to "hang like acres of crape" between earth and sky. Whatever may be its own attractions, by that lofty highway, and by the Midland line, it is in close touch with the Peak country.

From the Manchester road, by the Derwent Valley, or crossing the heights to Hayfield, wheels can get round to the south

side of Kinderscout, for operations against which Hayfield is the best base. This little town of calico-printing and paper-mills, its natural picturesqueness now much disguised by unlovely structures blocking the valley of the Sett and struggling up the steep slopes, claims a note of rustic fame as scene of that fair for which "lasses and lads" were bidden "take leave of their dads." By more than one writer a version of this song is identified with Hayfield, but it seems a variation of a very old ballad that may have been adapted to many fairs. Besides its fair, it has twice a year an Arcadian gathering of business, the "Shepherds' Meeting," when strayed sheep are sifted out and given back to the flocks they belong to, a similar rendezvous being held in the Ashop valley for the other side of the mountain.

Hayfield does not boast much in the way of hotel accommodation, and has little to "detain the tourist," unless its old Church, containing a monument, fixed here after curious adventures, to Joseph Hague, a self-made local worthy of the eighteenth century

who was a liberal benefactor to his native town. But it lies on the edge of the moors; and an hour or so's walk gives a view at least of Kinderscout's most striking face. Under its church flows the Sett, which we can follow upwards, then the tributary Kinder, falling in from the right. This leads us into the lofty hollow where David Grieve grew up, below the dark precipices of Kinderscout, here cleft by a steep ravine of cyclopean rocks, over which streams the cataract famous as the Downfall, often inconspicuous, but when swollen by rain a seam of white foam that can be seen miles away. In windy weather, again, the spray will be blown back into a broad mane of mist, also seen from afar. Below it lie the Mermaid's Pool, haunted by legends, and the Old Smithy, both familiar by name to the readers of *David Grieve*, whose youthful haunts are now being transformed by the making here of a reservoir for Stockport. Rather to the south rises Kinderlow, which gets the name of being the summit (2077 feet), but the Ordnance maps make a

point some half-mile north-east a few feet higher. Kinderlow Cavern, below this, is hardly worth being marked on the maps.

Unfortunately the Downfall is closed to the public, not to be approached without special permission, so that most tourists must be content with a view of it from the green pit below, or from the rocky gallery above. It has already been hinted how the exploration of this mountain is somewhat adventurous, where the stranger may meet no one but keepers, whose communications are like to be rather in the way of hindering than of furthering his passage. In Black's *Guide to Derbyshire* I have tried to indicate the permitted and easily traceable paths, as was done more fully in a little locally-published book. Here it must be enough to point out a way round the mountain, in three stages of some seven miles each, which can be made out by help of map, compass, and common sense. Tourists who find themselves at sea on wild land had better turn away from Kinderscout to the trimmer paths about Buxton and Matlock.

There should be no difficulty as to the first stage across the ridge to the Snake Inn, on the high-road behind the mountain, by which one can make smoothly for or from Glossop. This is one of the paths opened by the effort of the Association already mentioned, and does not appear on the Ordnance Survey Map. It goes out by a narrow passage beside the Royal Hotel, to be marked across the moor by a chain of white posts as well as by the negative warnings to trespassers that bristle on either hand. Passing along a brow from which there is a good view of the crest seen across David Grieve's valley, it leaves to the right the high wooded bank of the Kinder. Before coming to the cleft of the Downfall, it turns up the William Clough, bed of a little stream from the north, beside which the footway is engineered among patches of green turf and treacherous bog dappling the dark moor. Making a steep climb to the head of the stream, and having thus gained its highest point on the north-west shoulder, behind Kinderscout, it descends the opposite

THE NAB AND GOLDEN CLOUGH FROM GRINDSLOW DELL, EDALE

watershed over a duller expanse of moorland, where its white posts beacon on to the Snake Inn, by the upper course of the Ashop.

Hence, to continue the circuit of the mountain, one follows the road down the Woodlands Glen, and for a wide compass could keep this road to Ashopton, there holding down the Derwent for Hope and Edale. But two miles beyond the "Snake" the free foot can take a rougher and shorter line to Hope station by turning across the river, where a finger-post shows the way of an old Roman road to Castleton. Beyond the ridge, after half an hour's walk, a slighter track diverges to the right across a deep ravine, leading on to the Noe between Hope and Edale stations; and this of course would be the shortest way for Edale, by which the Noe comes down to the Derwent from the southern side of Kinderscout.

In the more lowland part of this beautiful valley, Edale station is close to the village called Edale Chapel, where the old chapel has been replaced by a neat Church with a low spire, making a landmark like that of

Hope, the next station down the valley of the Noe. The "Nag's Head" at Edale Chapel is a hostelry of old renown, kept for two generations by a host known here as well as William Ritson of the Wastdale Head Hotel was in the Lake Country. It is still in the hands of the same family, and, recently extended, serves as headquarters to a club of grouse shooters and one of anglers. Trippers seem hardly yet to have found out Edale; and it might be called the Wastdale Head of the Peak District, but for the way in which its beauties are fenced off in the interests of sport. The fine cleft into Kinderscout behind is forbidden ground, unless during the winter, when the few grouse need not be so jealously guarded from disturbance. On my last visit to Edale I found an airy camp pitched here; but the peace of this lovely spot seems little disturbed by those whose business or pleasure is not killing.

From Hope or Edale the Dore and Chinley line would take the tired wanderer on. But if resolute to complete the circuit of Kinder-

scout on foot, he may follow the old road from Edale to Hayfield, which should rather be styled a bridle-way. It is partly marked on the Ordnance Survey Map as a footpath, and nowhere, except at its two ends, is more than a track traversable only by the sturdiest wheels. A field-path abridges the distance to the houses of Upper Booth, whence the way runs on below Kinderscout to a fine ravine, where the hillside is furnished with a line of steps known as "Jacob's Ladder." Sweeping round a deep hollow, the track reaches Edale Head, with backward views down the Edale Glen, shut in between Kinderscout on one side and on the other the ridge leading to Mam Tor. After crossing the height of land, over a wall to the right one may look for Edale Cross, an ancient monument, marked on maps and mentioned in guide-books as a "landmark," but it is so low and so much hidden away here, that few passers-by would even suspect its existence. More fit for landmarks are the bold masses of stone that crown the brow above, which is the highest corner of Kinder-

scout. Here, about half way, we get upon the further watershed, our rough road presently crossing a brook that flows to the Kinder. The more adventurous wanderer might take a path mounting from this brook to the right, for a closer view of the Downfall Cleft on the curving cliffs of Kinderlow, and may follow what was a pack-horse way, marked by gaps and gates, also by warnings to trespassers. Thence he must descend again to the farms in the Kinder Valley, by a group of houses called Farlands, crossing the Kinder to hold down its wooded right bank, at Bowden Bridge regaining the road he left. This, from Stoneyford, where it crossed the first south-westward stream above mentioned, takes a lower line, descending into the Sett Valley and becoming more like a road as it rises for another drop to the print-works on the Kinder, above Hayfield.

Such a round of little over twenty miles by the shortest line, but equal to thirty miles of ordinary walking, would be a walk worth making, if the reader will take my

word for it; and when he has made it, he can fill in for himself the epithets befitting stern and charming solitudes, from which the Reverend Mr Gilpin would have turned in dismay. And for my part, as my motto must be the greatest good of the greatest number, I have to turn away from Kinderscout to scenes of more resort. Those who know and love this mountain best are those who would least thank me for proclaiming its attractions.

The prospect from Kinderscout is most open towards the west, where the workers of Stockport can see the Downfall when in flood it streaks the side of its rocky amphitheatre. Beyond, but for the smoke of our most populous manufacturing district, the Welsh mountains might stand in sight from the crown of Derbyshire. In other directions the view is rather of "a wilderness of moors, rising wave-like one after another." Among these we must draw on imagination to locate the scenes about to be traced in the following pages. Almost due south lies Buxton, with Axe Edge to the west of it,

from which flow the waters of the Dove and the Wye on their south-easterly courses. To the south-east, behind Mam Tor, is Castleton; and beyond it, eastwards, opens the valley of the Derwent, that will gather up the Wye on its way to the Trent, already swollen by the Dove on the west edge of Derbyshire.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF JACOB'S LADDER

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## BUXTON AND ABOUT IT

With its manifold attractions, Buxton may be taken as the most eminent resort of the Peak. Standing about 1000 feet above the sea, it holds up its head as the highest *market*-town in England, a claim that may pass, if we note its qualification. Leadhills and Tomintoul, with other places that are "towns" in the old Scottish sense, can look down on Buxton by two or three hundred feet. Higher than any of them is Princetown on Dartmoor, which, like Buxton, is much visited by strangers for whom a sojourn in its trying climate has been prescribed rather against their will. Since Princetown got a railway, the London and North-Western line can no longer boast the highest English station at Dove

Holes, where a gigantic rubbish heap shows so conspicuously a few miles north of Buxton. A few miles in another direction, the "Cat and Fiddle" used to exalt itself as the highest inn open all the year in England. But that pretension was rebuked by the late Mr Baddeley, who fixed what teetotallers might call the "bad eminence" in question on the Tann Hill Inn of Yorkshire, when ordnance surveyors had dethroned the Kirkstone Pass Inn of the Lake District from a fictitious height of 1700 feet or so at which it challenged the "Cat and Fiddle" on its airy ridge. The railway inn on Snowdon and the place of temperate refreshment beside the Ben Nevis Observatory, were excluded from competition as being shut in winter, while to speak of them as being in England would scandalise Scots and Welsh patriots.

Buxton, certainly the most Alpine of British spas, dissembles its height by standing in a valley of the Wye, enclosed by swelling ridges, now for the most part cultivated, so that one has to climb out on

to the open moorlands that are a commoner feature of Peak scenery. Much has been done to break the hardness and bareness of the slopes by plantations, whose wind-blown trees hint at a climate that cannot be called halcyon. That youth in the folk-tale who sought so hard what it was to shiver, had not tried Buxton in bad weather. The local saying makes it a "top-coat colder" than Matlock. Bracing, its friends call it, but its enemies might say bleak; and it has more than its share of the dampness and changeableness of our islands. The fact that its prices go briskly up with the thermometer in July and August, hints at the shortness of the season in which hotels and lodging-house keepers must make the best part of their hay. Even then, warm, bright weather is by no means to be counted on; and however sunny the day may have been, fires are often welcome in the evening. In the winter, when the climate is honestly severe, it may commend itself to those who like to try a hearty fall with Jack Frost; but its fickleness belies the title "Engadine

of England" which some would claim for this district. For certain invalids such a climate is at all times a drawback; for others the rude but invigorating air will make no small part of their cure. One should never go to Buxton without being prepared for chilling experiences even at the height of summer. But if one do have the luck to fall in there with a spell of fine weather, nowhere in England can it be more enjoyable than among upland Derbyshire's rich show of varied natural beauties, where the sunshine brings out visitors like daisies and dandelions.

*Buckstones* is an old form of the name, apparently a synonym for the rocking-stones still found in parts of the county; but the town affects a buck for its device, as canting heraldry puts a deer in Derby's coat of arms. The number of barrows and monuments of antiquity found on the heights about Buxton is easily explained by their natural fitness for fortification, and need not denote any addiction to warm bathing on the part of our remote ancestors. The springs were

certainly known to the Romans, who had here an important station, at the crossing of two of their high-roads. On the building of the Crescent, one of their baths was unearthed, stuccoed with the usual concrete of lime and pounded tiles. A Roman wall is said to have stood hereabouts till 1709, when a grateful patient did the place the ill-service of taking it down to carry out his ideas of improvement.

Throughout the Middle Ages the waters were renowned, their natural virtues, as in so many other cases, being reinforced by the merits of St Anne, under whose special patronage they were believed to work wonders. So much, indeed, did their religious overlie their medical character in common repute, that when the Reformation came, its agents saw a scandal in St Anne's Well and Shrine, "with all their trumpery." In a letter to Cromwell, Sir William Bassett reports how he had made a clean sweep of both the images and the grateful offerings, such as may still be seen at St Anne's more flourishing Breton sanctuary.

Presently, however, on their own merits, the springs rose into such repute that Cecil and other Elizabethan celebrities sought relief there, Mary of Scots making at least four stays at Buxton, as already mentioned. Several writers of next century extol the Buxton waters among the wonders of the Peak, what seemed most wonderful being the fact of a cold and a hot spring rising close together, compared by Cotton to a Naiad who

> Should have her silver breasts at once to flow
> One with warm milk, t'other with melted snow.

Unless the temperature of the now tepid water has fallen since those times, another writer must exaggerate who, putting his hands into both wells, "conceived one finger to freeze till the other could not endure the heat of the boiling spring just by it." The cold spring has been diverted into the river, unless this be the chalybeate water esteemed as an eyewash. The Buxton water *par excellence*, now administered chiefly in baths, is a slightly alkaline tepid

spring, resembling that of Wildbad in the Black Forest, and not unlike that of Bath. To the unscientific mind its main characteristic will be the beautiful bluish tint it exhibits in bulk, and the sparkling nitrogen gas by which it is aerated; the latter quality, rare in our mineral springs, playing no doubt a great part in its medical effect. The baths owe not a little of their renown to such enterprise as has revived several English spas by introducing elaborate balneological appliances from the Continent, Aix douche baths, for example, with massage and other subsidiary treatment. The chief benefit is in cases of chronic gout and rheumatism, and in allied digestive disorders. Three weeks is a common course; but in many cases, to secure permanent benefit, the treatment has to be extended over months.

Beside the officially managed baths have risen some of those large hydropathic establishments so popular in the north of England, where the mineral waters may be supplemented by various medical devices, such as the Nauheim treatment so much

in vogue at present. As to all these matters, a layman leaves the reader in the hands of his doctor, only remarking that the usual treatment here seems to be one which does not restrain the patient from a good deal of such amusement as his vigour and spirits permit him. Some of Buxton's clients, indeed, are too evidently in no state for active enjoyment of life, their crippled limbs and doleful looks making a strong contrast to the strapping Derbyshire lads and lasses, whose robust health must excite the envy of these invalids. From all parts of the country come serious patients and their families; while from the neighbouring large towns and manufacturing districts many visitors are in the way of running over to Buxton for shorter or longer periods to get a blow of its bracing air. In summer, crowds of excursionists will often be turned out here for a happy day, as they are like to have when the weather favours them. Else are they pitifully reduced to wandering under the arcades and staring into the

shop windows that make such a display of ornaments of marble, spar, and fluor, the speciality of the neighbourhood. Great numbers are attracted by the good old Derbyshire ceremony of Well-dressing, which, revived here a few years ago, now marks the opening of the summer season.

The town, scattered over broken ground, is solidly built, mainly of gritstone, which gives it a warm and cheerful look. It owes much to its ducal patrons, the house of Devonshire, who have developed its resources so that it grew up in no such haphazard fashion as that Handley Cross Spa whose rise is chronicled by the historian of Mr Jorrocks, nor needed such unworthy arts as Guy du Maupassant reveals in his account of a French bathing place, floated by a Jewish financier who arranged for a miraculous appearance of the Virgin. Only the other day did the town take over its baths from the Duke of Devonshire's ownership, whose family appear in past times to have made no small profit out of this spa, as since they have "promoted" Eastbourne to its

advantage and their own. At Buxton they exercised a sort of beneficent tyranny, even regulating the doctors' fees, which proved more moderate than at other places of the kind.

In 1780 the then Duke followed Bath's example in building the Crescent, about which grew up other structures in the highest style of Georgian respectability. Here lie the Baths and Pump Room in a central hollow, below the lawn walks of St Anne's Cliff, an open space that divides Higher Buxton, the older part of the town, from the new quarter of villas and lodging-houses. The Crescent Hotel, with its fine dining saloon, was formerly the Duke's own mansion; and its neighbour the Old Hall is in part Lord Shrewsbury's house which lodged his illustrious captive. Behind the Crescent is the Devonshire Hospital, converted to this use from being the ducal stables and riding-school, under a dome having a wider span than any in Europe. The interior façade is almost an exact copy from the "Palace of Christian Kings" at

Grenada. Altogether, apart from its beneficent work, this is a most lordly structure, which makes one of the sights of Buxton.

Not far off are the Gardens, whose green lawns and shrubberies offer an oasis in stony Peakland. This enclosure, open on payment or subscription, becomes the focus of Buxton life in the latter part of the day, containing a theatre, pavilion and other rooms, besides artificial lakelets, tennis courts, and other arenas of genteel amusement. The music supplied here is notable for its excellence, if not quite so pervading as at some resorts. Perhaps it might not appeal so convincingly to an old Methodist woman who, as her minister tells me, conceived of heaven as foretasted by the promenade at Blackpool with the electric light on and all the bands playing at once.

Cricket, tennis and other sports are well equipped at Buxton, which has two golf grounds, as well as fishing and hunting in their season to tempt able-bodied sojourners. The chief amusement of summer visitors is the driving parties, to which the many hotels,

hydropathics and pensions are in the way of adapting their meal hours. Every morning in the season a whole fleet of coaches and brakes launch out from the Crescent, cruising over the Peak as far as Haddon Hall, Castleton, and Dovedale ; while all day long, when they can find passengers to fill them, humbler vehicles ply to nearer points of attraction like the Cat and Fiddle. Then the railway lines meeting at Buxton put it within easy reach of almost all the lions of Derbyshire, some of whose finest and most characteristic scenes are within a walk of the town.

A few minutes' stroll brings one to Poole's Hole, which counts as one of the sixpenny wonders of the Peak, taking its name from an outlaw who is understood to have made his damp and dismal home here. It is entered by a narrow opening that soon expands into a lofty space, lit by gas to show the stalactite formations. To some of them fanciful names have been given, such as the "petrified turtle," the "flitch of bacon," "Old Poole's saddle," "the font,"

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"the lion," and so forth, suggested by resemblances which may once have existed but are not now always apparent, change by accretion being the very nature of such formations. One piece is pointed out as "Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar," from the tradition that this rheumatic patient went so far and no further. A stream of the Wye rushes noisily through the cavern, that, from the entrance to the farthest point visited by strangers, extends 770 feet. There is a path all the way; and invalids may even go through in their bath-chairs, but must be prepared for the chill of this subterranean hollow. Various objects undergoing the process of petrifaction may be seen inside; and beside the entrance, there is a museum of very miscellaneous curiosities.

Above this stands the Grinlow Tower, *alias* Solomon's Temple, a dispensary of ginger beer and such like, on what Defoe styles "a very high ridge of mountains," which should be ascended for a good view of Buxton and its neighbourhood. Looking down on the town, we see to the left the

Corbar Woods and the dark edge of Comb's Moss, beyond which rise the High Peak ridges about Kinderscout. As we turn round to the right, the Duke's Drive appears passing under the great railway viaduct to the dark hollow of Ashwood Dale. Then come the cuttings and rubbish heaps of the Diamond Hill, unsightly blots on the prospect, yet these scars take on a certain rugged impressiveness farther along the Grinlow ridge, as we look over to the hilly borders of Staffordshire. Behind us rises the dark line of Axe Edge, to the right of which the famous Cat and Fiddle Inn stands out on the horizon. Sweeping round, we see next the heights crossed by the road to Manchester. The stripped hillside close by takes its title of Diamond Hill from the so-called Buxton diamonds, quartz pebbles exposed by the quarrying of cliffs for lime-burning, a vigorous local industry that too much disfigures some faces of the country hereabouts, and went to dictate Gilpin's judgment of Buxton—"Nothing but absolute want of health

could make a man endure a scene so wholly disgusting."

On the north side of the Grinlow Woods, the village of Burbage has risen neat and new under barren rubbish mounds of this staple industry, where not so long ago the lime-burners lived in burrows and caves like troglodytes. Through Burbage mounts the road to Leek, in a mile or two more passing along Axe Edge, which, at 1800 feet, makes the highest level of Derbyshire after Kinderscout. The name of this airy moorland has been interpreted as referring to the shape of the height, but more probably means *water divide*, Axe being the word for water which occurs so often all over Britain (Esk, Exe, Usk, Uisk, *whiskey*, etc.). This is indeed one of the chief watersheds of central England, where spring four streams, the Wye and the Dove flowing to the Trent, the Dane and the Goyt towards the Irish Sea. The view on Axe Edge is impressive rather from its wildness than from striking outlines. To the eye of faith Snowdon may appear on the horizon westward; and there

is certainly a wide prospect over a considerable part of Derby, Stafford, and Cheshire. The most conspicuous feature in the foreground is the abrupt, rocky cone of Chrome Hill to the south-east, on the curved edge of the county.

The road forking right at Burbage leads over a col nearly as high as Axe Edge, from which it drops in sub-alpine windings to the silk mills of Macclesfield. Below the highest point, that renowned "Cat and Fiddle" stands out as bleak and lonely goal of excursions. The origin of this exalted sign is a matter of some mystery. *Chat Fidèle* has been suggested. Over the door is duly sculptured a Cat and Fiddle; and within will be seen a painting of the same device, said to represent the pet cat of a Duke of Devonshire whose favourite walk this was. But such cases as the "Goat and Compasses" (? God encompasseth us) and the "Bull and Mouth" (Boulogne Mouth) warn us not to be too credulous of superficial interpretations. Others hold the name for an advertisement of popular recreation, Cat

being that game to which John Bunyan was addicted in his unregenerate days, still played by London urchins in its season. Anyhow this is a Cheshire Cat, the Derbyshire limit being the little river Goyt that rises in the hollow to the right of the old road, shorter, if steeper and stonier, than the white loops of the new highway, their dust or mud stirred by so many holiday-makers.

The Goyt valley makes one of the finest walks about Buxton, accessible also to wheels, that do not too often disturb the seclusion of this gorge sunk between open moorlands. From the old Cat and Fiddle road, some couple of miles walk brings one to Goyt's Bridge through the hollow of Goyt's Moss, then along the bank of a beautiful wooded ravine, above "the eager voiceful river breaking over a tumult of mossy boulders in a thousand white waterfalls." About half-way comes a large quarry, old and overgrown enough to be a good feature in the scenery, where gouty patients from London may feel a sympathetic twinge,

for with its stone, they say, were paved some of the streets of the west-end, an enterprise carried out by a local worthy who came also to wear down the metropolitan thoroughfares with "Pickford's vans."

Near the bridge is the gate of Errwood, a demesne famous for its show of rhododendrons and conifers, and for the Catholic Mausoleum Chapel on the height above the Hall. The owner has been liberal in opening these grounds to Buxton visitors, though transgressions on the part of the baser sort have provoked threats of closure, such as is forced upon many proprietors in a county much invaded by trippers more at home in public-houses than in a private paradise. Fortunate is the stranger who finds Errwood open. On certain days, at all events, the gates are shut; then one must turn regretfully to the other side of the stream, where, from the bridge, a breath-trying way, with charming backward peeps, climbs to the Manchester road, thus reached about two miles out of Buxton. Or over the moors of Burbage Edge, experienced land navigators

could easily steer a course back to the Macclesfield road.

The Manchester road is that running out beside the Corbar Woods, where, on the hill-side sheltering Buxton to the north, old gritstone quarries have been skimmed over and draped by a plantation, through the leafy mazes of which winding walks mount to a rocky crest commanding the town and its environs. The bare ridge of rock, peat and heather, with its "black" and its "brown" edges, rising behind to a height of over 1600 feet, is Comb's Moss, on which a well-marked Roman camp stood high, but not dry, looking down from its northern brow upon the forest now cleared as site of Chapel-en-le-Frith. One of the favourite Buxton drives is round this block of moorland, the crossing of which may be frowned upon by forbidding notices, in the interest of waterworks and of a few grouse said to be turned black by the smoke of mills on the other side; and, indeed, the moors about Buxton are apt to make foul walking once one gets off a beaten track.

Below the Corbar Woods the road mounts a long hill on which convalescents may prove their wind and muscle, with a rest from time to time to look back on enlarging views. At the top of the ridge, where the by-road to Goyt's Bridge turns off, the high-road passes the Windy Gap to curl along the side of the Goyt Valley to Whalley Bridge, five miles on. As often is the case in this broken country, one has the choice of taking an old road, higher, rougher and stonier, but more direct in its course. Another way down this valley is the abandoned line of the High Peak Railway, in part restored as the new route from Buxton to Dovedale.

Whalley Bridge, when we get to it, turns out to be a place designed by Nature for scenes of sequestered charm, but by man fouled as a place of chimney stacks and rows of mean houses. No expectations of rustic beauty will be excited by the name of New Mills, beyond, on the Cheshire border. Our circular route turns up the valley behind Comb's Moss, passing by the Roosdych, a curious hollow filled with trees, perhaps

natural, but traditionally laid out for a Roman racecourse; then in view of the picturesque Jacobean survival of Bradshaw Hall under Eccles Pike. A reservoir in the valley makes a good show as a lake, near the lower end of which is Tunstead Milton—this prefix (*townstead*) occurring in several Derbyshire hamlets—where was long preserved the skull of "Dicky of Tunstead," a grim relic that loomed largely in local superstition. The difficulties met in the construction of a railway here were popularly attributed to the malign influence of this shadowy personage, which was finally baffled by engineering skill and patience; and Dicky's skull, I hear, has got cracked in his struggle with the spirit of our age.

Thus we come to Chapel-en-le-Frith, with Chapel for the week-day name of this "church in the wood," a little town that has market-cross and stocks as relics of old dignity, which a local guide-book magnifies into the position of "capital of the Peak." Hence the road mounts a wooded pass to Dove Holes, where it joins the best way

from Castleton, and with a railway to guide it, comes back to Buxton over the breezy expanse of Fairfield Common.

The London road, going out south-east, through Higher Buxton, seems more tempting to cyclists than to ramblers, but it leads to some hidden dales and to commanding points like Staden Low on the left, where ancient earthworks may be traced. A few miles further, on the same side, rises Chelmorton Low, marked by the spire of a thirteenth-century church that, at about 1200 feet, could once claim to stand higher than any in England. Several pleasant ways join the London road to the Bakewell road in the Wye valley, for one, the Duke's Drive, a three-miles curve, extended from the two ends of the Crescent. But the Wye Valley deserves a chapter to itself; as also does the *doyen* of Buxton excursions, that to the caves of Castleton.

CHEE TOR, CHEE DALE, NEAR BUXTON

## CASTLETON

For one Buxton visitor who on Kinderscout seeks out the most frowning features of the Peak, scores turn away from it to the smiling Vale of Hope, making for Castleton, which, once the chief place of this region, still takes rank as a show of its most celebrated lions. The quiet little town, whose main trade seems to be the supply of refreshments and the sale of mementos made from its mineral curiosities, has no want of hotels and lodging-houses; but most of its visitors come for the day by the Buxton coaches, or as more humble trippers from Sheffield. Castleton stands about half-way between these places, easily reached from either by the Dore and Chinley line, that has a station at Hope, two miles away.

Hope itself is a pleasant little place with an interesting fifteenth-century Church having several relics of antiquity below its stunted spire and most mediæval gargoyles; beside which an ancient cross may be seen as one approaches the parsonage to ask leave to see it.

At the head of the Vale, whose opener expanse of verdure deserves a name distinguishing it from the narrow dales around, Castleton stands facing the steep side of Mam Tor, one of the most marked eminences of the Peak. Its *alias* of the "Shivering Mountain" it owes to a composition of shale and grit in alternate layers, which, disintegrated by severe frosts, crumble down in heaps, so that a road below has to be fortified against bombardments which seem like to overwhelm it. These shivering fits are fondly believed not to diminish the mountain's size; but in truth Mam Tor is measurably shaking itself away, as the highest Alps and Andes will in time grow down to be like the Laurentian range of Canada. For many generations to come,

though, the amphitheatre of surrounding hills will shut in a grand view from its top, crowned by an ancient entrenchment and by low, open towers which serve as shelter for cattle. On the north side it looks to Kinderscout across the Edale Valley, where the Noe winds eastward to reach the Derwent between Lose Hill and Win Hill, names that are probably corruptions of *Low* and *Whin*, but they have not failed to be connected with some story of "battles long ago." Down the scarped southern flanks of Mam Tor the road from Buxton descends in bold turns, on which coach passengers get an open prospect over the Vale of Hope, that is, as it were, a bay of the Edale gulf.

Pedestrians might have turned down on the right to reach Castleton by the old way through the ravine called the Winnats, or Wind Gates, a name naturally suggested by the howling of the wind in such a pass. Quite in keeping with the scene is the tale or legend of a young eloping couple murdered here after their wedding at the

Peak Forest Chapel, which once made a local Gretna Green for hasty marriages. The course of true love seldom has run less smooth than in this story, which names its hero and heroine Henry and Clara, and makes their bodies hid in a cave, not to come to light for years after their riderless horses were found; then the edifying sequel is that the five murderers, one by one, met a violent end, the last being moved to a deathbed confession.

This narrow-grass grown tract, shut in between precipitous crags, shows one of the most imposing of the Peak dales with their characteristic charms, "the gleam of grey limestone, the green of clinging verdure, and the gloom of changing shadows." One is tempted to draw further on the description of Mr Edward Bradbury, that enthusiastic Pilgrim of the Peak:

> It is a romance in rock; a petrified poem; a lyric in limestone. The rock-ribbed gorge grows more striking in its revelations of savage sublimity as we pursue the pathway. The rocks tower to

THE LION ROCK IN THE WINNATS, BETWEEN CASTLETON AND EDALE

greater and wilder heights. They assume castellated shapes. Now there is the crude suggestion of cathedral turret and tower; then threaten fortress and bastion. The carving might be the rough sculpture of the giants and gods of mythology. Near the extremity of the pass, which is something like a mile in length, a huge sentinel tor disputes further progress. We seem locked in among the lonely limestone precipices, awful in their stony solitude; when, lo! a sudden turn, and a narrow passage telescopes a dream of scenery. The vista for the moment stuns the eye with the abruptness with which it bursts upon the sight—a blow of beauty. The vision is the Vale of Hope. Castleton clusters immediately below, and the country around spreads a broad picturesque panorama of undulating pastures, white homesteads, and distant hills, all revealed in a sunny light that brings out every distant contour in delicate outline.

Castleton, with its rocks, caves, mines and fossils, has been called an epitome of the Peak. Its antiquity is vouched for by the Church, containing some good Norman details, with a notable library of old books, among them a "Breeches Bible," a picture attributed to Vandyke, as well as monuments to local worthies like Micah Hall, attorney

at law, whose curt Latin epitaph may be thus translated:

> What I was you know not—What I am you know not—Whither I am gone you know not—Farewell.

This church is the centre of high doings on May 29th, "Oakapple Day," when a huge garland is conveyed by a pageant of horse and foot to be hung on the tower. Such a loyal festival in memory of Charles II.'s hiding in an oak after Worcester may be now unknown to the majority even of English readers, since the 30th of January itself has dropped out of our prayer-books, nor on that day does the butcher find any special demand for calves' heads. But in my youth there were schools where "Show your oak!" was the word on the 29th of May; and any forgetful or recalcitrant urchin who would not, or could not, display the seasonable badge of loyalty, stood in danger of being "taught," like the men of Succoth, with nettles or briers.

At the head of the village, a steep zigzag leads up to the Castle, beneath which once

the lists were set for a great tourney to win the hand of a daughter of the Peverils, so fair or so rich that knights came to dispute the prize from Scotland and from France, and the lady was won by Guarine de Metz, a scion of the house of Lorraine, bearing the name of a hero famed in French romance. The Peverils did not long hold this inheritance; and their castle seems to have been enlarged or rebuilt a century or so after the Conquest. Thanks to its massive structure, the sturdy keep still stands to show how, approached only by a narrow ridge, this must have been a formidable eyry for any nest of barons, as now, garrisoned by jackdaws, it makes "a venerable wreck of other days," which even in Cotton's time could be called

> An antick thing, fit to make people stare,
> But of no use, either in peace or war.

Behind the ridge, a deep ravine called Cave Dale from the head of the village street goes winding and narrowing into slopes of rock and turf, then some way up

gives a striking view of the Castle. The other face of the hill is deeply pierced by the Peak Cavern, so called *par excellence*; and it naturally took a by-title from the devil: "liberal shepherds give a grosser name," in our day quite unmentionable to ears polite. Its imposing portal is reached by following up the stream which flows from it into the village, and on to join the Noe. The entrance, in which homes used to nestle, is still used as a rope-walk. Beyond, as in the case of the classical Hades and of most Derbyshire caves, one does not penetrate without a metallic token, disbursed at these grim gates to no growling Cerberus, nor yet to Cotton's "Peak-bred convoy of rude men and boys"; but in my experience the guardians were a family of Ariadnes, wearing as a badge smart Tam o' Shanter caps, one of whom clued each party through the long labyrinth and displayed its gloomy marvels by the burning of flares or Bengal lights here and there. The parties thus personally conducted must be prepared for the chill of dark and damp

recesses; and their wraps may suffer from the guttering of tallow candles by which these are explored. Nervously imaginative folk might as well proceed no further than the grand natural archway of the chasm, for one has known such soon to turn back in dismay.

Few adventurers penetrate so far as one mentioned in an absurd eighteenth century romance, who pushed through to a meadow paved with emeralds, and found himself dazzled in a realm of diamonds, where, indeed, diamonds were in small esteem as too transparent; but the royal palace was made of rubies and garnets, the bishop's houses were of purple amethysts, those of the inferior clergy of sapphires, and so on, most of them comfortably lined with cornelian to keep out the scorching sun and the curiosity of their impertinent neighbours. Of late, authentic explorations have been made by Mr J. W. Puttrell as leader of the Kyndwr Club, who opened out some forgotten labyrinths in which traces of old lead mining were discovered. The ordinary

visitor is led by dim candle-light through low, narrow passages, where he must often stoop for it and always look to his feet, till he gains an opening called the "Bell House," in which to gaze about him. Here formerly a boat was required to cross a subterranean water, which, when flooded by rain, may still overflow the footway made to turn it. The vaults further on are named "The Grand Saloon"; "Roger Rain's House," a jocular hint of the trickling overhead; the "Chancel," adjoining which, according to precedent, is the "Devil's Cellar"; "The Half-way House"; and the "Victoria Dome," so styled since 1862 in celebration of a royal visit.

Undistinguished strangers must not now expect to be treated, as M. Faujas de St Fond was, to the unexpected appearance of "very pretty girls" disguised in white as an angelic choir, whose sweet notes raised a fine effect of contrast in this inferno. But at one point the candles will be extinguished that the guide may produce a weird effect of shadows, recalling the cave prisoners of

Plato's imagination. At another an infernal acolyte produces a lurid illumination. One cannot answer for it that these spectacles are always taken in the same order, the geography of this region being as mysterious as its artificial meteorology; but last of all comes a halt to admire the beautiful effect of restored daylight breaking upon us after our bat-like wanderings. This, declare some stumbling visitors, is the finest sight of all, when even the dullest sky seems brilliant by comparison with the Stygian shades within.

The Speedwell Mine, near the entrance to the Winnats, differs from the Peak Cavern in being mainly an artificial excavation, where a good deal of gold has been sunk in search of lead; but it opens into a natural vault so lofty that rockets fail to touch the roof, and the black abyss below may well have passed for fathomless, till the Kyndwr Club explorers found bottom at sixty feet, this gulf being partly choked by myriads of tons of rock blasted into it. It is reached by means of a Charon's boat plying on the same

subterranean stream as runs through the Peak Cavern. The effect of this voyage is weirdly impressive; and again the adventure ends well with the relief of coming up into the wholesome light of day.

The Blue John Mine lies still further away, on Mam Tor, between the high road and the Winnats way, which, taken in a round, give an admirable hour or two's walk. The attraction is the show of spar and crystallisation that makes the Peak's rough jewelry, "Blue John" being a fluor spar tinted by oxide of manganese, worked into ornamental forms like that great vase in the Chatsworth galleries. The yield of this fine mineral appears to be failing, which will increase its value. In search of its rare veins the cavities of the mine are said to have been explored for miles into the heart of the mountain. The experience of visitors is to be taken by steps and a winding path through "Lord Mulgrave's Dining-room" into the central vault, where from a railed ledge they view crystals and stalactites dimly revealed in fairy-like show against

a diabolic background of gloom. Here the suggestion is of an occidental Aladdin's Cave, when the guide's candle may idealise him into some shadowy Slave of the Lamp.

Off the Buxton road, as it ascends to its highest turn on Mam Tor, lies the Odin Mine, an abandoned working of lead and silver, believed to have been exploited in Saxon times, as it probably was by the Romans. They had their principal Peak station at Brough, above the Noe, about a mile from Hope; and at the neighbouring village of Bradwell also their remains have been found. Near this, about two miles to the other side of Castleton, Bagshaw's Cave might be explored by candle-light, if one had not yet enough of damp, glistening labyrinths. Its show of stalactites is said by those who have seen them to be as well worth seeing as any. But as the Parliamentary candidate said after his seventeenth glass of beer, "I must reserve myself for the Farmer's Arms to-night"; and perhaps we may now keep

out of caves till we get to Buxton or Matlock.

Between Castleton and Buxton are found several of the old Wonders, which in our day of facts and figures have been reduced to a scientific denomination. There are more than one of the "Swallows" for which Derbyshire is noted, where its waters disappear underground as the Surrey Mole does between Mickleham Downs and the heights of Norbury Park. But whereas the Mole's subterranean aberrations are but intermittent, the stream at Perryfoot wholly vanishes, coming to light again, it is understood, from the mouth of the Peak Cavern. Above one branch of the Buxton road is Eldon Hole, that pit that long had the fearsome reputation of being bottomless, and appeared to Cotton so

> Steep, black and full of Horror, that who dare
> Look down into the Chasm, and keep his Hair
> From lifting off his Hat, either has none,
> Or for more modish Curls cashiers his own.

Defoe, who rather belittles some of the "Seven Wonders," admits this chasm as

really wonderful. The story goes, as recorded by Hobbes, that, in Elizabeth's time, the Earl of Leicester had a man lowered by ropes into Eldon Hole, who after descending for two hundred ells was brought up speechless and senseless, to die before he had recovered his wits. So too fared a cat. Cotton let down nearly a mile of line without sounding the depth, as he believed. But an examiner of the eighteenth century found bottom at some sixty yards; and in our time bolder explorers landed at this depth to make their further way down a sloping funnel, the neck of a hollow bottling up deposits of stalagmite and stalactites never before seen by human eye. It is, in fact, a cavern opening upwards instead of sidewards, in all about ninety yards deep.

Still more blown upon is the ancient fame of the Ebbing and Flowing Well, which now seems no more than a horse pond, swelling suddenly after rain, the machinery no doubt being an underground siphon, like those chalk reservoirs in the Surrey Downs

which have sometimes flooded the valleys beyond Purley. Another ebbing and flowing well is the one that probably gave its name to Tideswell, where it has now ebbed out of note, like the lead-mining of which this place was once a thriving centre.

The coaches from Buxton to Castleton usually make a round of some thirty miles, so as to bring in several of the Peak sights. On the southern sweep of this route they pass through the decayed market-town Tideswell, halting to let their passengers visit the remains of an ancient Guildhall, and a large Later Decorated Church with a Perpendicular tower, that may well be called the "Cathedral of the Peak." Some stately monuments have been restored by pious descendants of those buried here, among them ancestors of the Bulwer-Lytton family. Another notable point is the recent oak carving, the work of a self-taught local artist whose skill has been called into play as visitors' contributions go on helping to beautify this finest church of a district

LOOKING DOWN MILLER'S DALE FROM ABOVE THE VILLAGE

richer in subterranean fanes fit for diabolic rites than in ecclesiastic architecture.

From Tideswell an easy hour's walk brings one down to the Millersdale reach of the Wye Valley, where the Midland railway throws off its Buxton branch.

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## THE WYE VALLEY

No scenes of Peakland are more visited than those threaded along the course of the river Wye, whose valley connects the two chief Derbyshire resorts. There are several British Wyes and Weys, a name that seems to have meant flowing water, like other titles for streams fixed when the tribes living upon them thought none but their own familiar river worth consideration. Among these, but one other is more fair than the Derbyshire Wye, and that because it has freer scope upon the face of half a dozen counties, gathering a greater volume of water to be shut in here and there by much the same walls of cliff and crag upon a larger scale. Below Buxton, but for its windings, our Wye has only some score

miles to run before losing itself in the Derwent as the longer Wye in the Severn; and few stretches of a good day's walk on English ground will prove so full of picturesque charm. The one fault to be found with this tiny river is the leaden colour shown by its water, which, one supposes, may be blamed on the limestone basin, as much as on the industries that defile its banks here and there.

The Wye rises obscurely enough above Buxton. Just outside of the town a chain of small ponds marks what is called Wye Head, into which the stream rushes darkly through Poole's Cavern; but the headwaters come from the enclosing heights. The young stream gives small promise of romance as it plays through the Serpentine Walks, carefully tended and dressed in trim banks; then for a time it goes to bed among the baths and lodging-houses of the town. It is only when it turns south beneath a wooded bank on the Bakewell road that it enters openly upon its headlong career; and even there its first gambols

go blinkered and bridled in an artificial channel, unworthily shadowed by gas-works, sewer-works, limekilns and railway embankments.

This is Ashwood Dale, the first reach of the valley that is formed, as it were, by a string of separate aisles, here and there opening into transepts or side chapels that show the general scheme of ornament, wild verdure on a groundwork of grey cliff. Again and again we are reminded of that famous scene where

> The rocky summits, split and rent,
> Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret,
> Wild crests as pagod ever decked
> Or mosque of Eastern architect.
> Nor were those earth-born castles bare,
> Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
> For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
> Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
> All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
> The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
> And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
> Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

At the Trossachs, indeed, there is—as

yet—no prosaic railway to vex æsthetic souls. Here river, road and railway run for a time close together, jostling one another in the narrow space. The road has at least the merit of giving a delightful spin to cyclists on some three miles of almost imperceptible slope. The railway has had to fit itself with so many tunnels, cuttings and viaducts, that it treats its passengers only to provoking glimpses of this finely-wooded gorge, as must be a satisfaction to those who resent its noisy and smoky intrusion. Did Ruskin ever repent of his splenetic outburst?—

> There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light—walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get): you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls Railroad Enterprise! You enterprised a railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of

tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it, and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange.

His beloved Turner might have taught Ruskin how the railway engine may be driven by Apollo; and more than one poet has put the Muses in tune with the rattling of a train. What would he have said to the "Gadarene grunt" of the motor car in this echoing glen! I myself am not fond of motor cars, and would willingly vote for abolishing them all, except the one I find convenient at any time or place. Had I been as well off as Ruskin, I might have denounced railways, preferring to travel leisurely in my own carriage. But there the railway is, winding in and out across the Wye, till supplanted by some more monstrous birth of science; and the country folk are the better off for being able to get from Buxton to Bakewell in half an hour or so. But who has time and fine weather, would choose rather to give a whole day to

this stage, the best points of which can be seen only on foot.

About a mile out of Buxton, on the right-hand side, comes the first of the Wye's side-shows, where the Sherbrook, when it has water to pour, pours tiny cascades down a verdured dell. To its wooded mouth we turn aside for a look at the Lovers' Leap, that differs from most others in tale or history, inasmuch as the young couple whose true love did not run smooth here, are not recorded to have thrown themselves down in despair, but to have leapt a chasm upon a single horse with the irate old people at its heels, Lord Ullin's daughter rather than Sappho being the precedent. A little further down, upon the opposite side, a group of limekilns marks the entrance of Cunning Dale, not of much note except as a specimen of another kind of Derbyshire hollow, a crooking and narrowing green trough which, in this case, would lead us back to Buxton by Fairfield.

Now the river makes a bend round the bristling crag of Pig Tor, beneath which the

railway is buried so as not to spoil the prospect from its top. Below this the park of King's Sterndale marks another way back to Buxton. We cannot stop to explore all the side glens on either hand; but about three miles out, on the right, Deep Dale may be noted as one of the most remarkable of the almost dry ravines so frequent in this country, into which the stranger should peep, but can penetrate it only at the cost of rough scrambling and wading through rank growths of weed upon a stream-course rarely flooded. There is no road, hardly a path at the bottom of the hollow, winding between lonely slopes of scree and fissured limestone crags. Higher up the slopes, the explorer may be warned to caution in getting over loose dry stone walls. I once happened to see a sheep leap a wall here, when it knocked over a stone that fell with a rattle, swelling to a roar as it stirred the bank of scree to simulate the devastating rush of an alpine avalanche. There is, by the way, another Deep Dale opening at the foot of the glen that comes

down to the Wye from Taddington. To it, I believe, the *alias* Demon's Dale has been given, most fittingly, so like the entrance to an inferno is that rocky hollow choked with weeds and nettles.

Below Deep Dale, under Topley Pike, the road and the river part company, the railway sticking close to the latter. Ascending to a wide view over pastures where one might hardly guess what a deep glen lies hidden to its left, the road goes on to Taddington, a high-built village with an old Church and still older cross, that makes the half-way station between Buxton and Bakewell. But the able-bodied and unhurried traveller should by all means follow the river through Chee Dale, one of the finest gorges in Derbyshire, not to say in England. The path is plain, leaving the road opposite Deep Dale, at first taking the right bank. It is not indeed for dainty shoes, as it sometimes runs so low as to be swamped in wet weather; then again it mounts by steps of slippery limestone where one must look to one's footing. The distance is about four

miles to Millersdale, but they are not miles to be done in an hour's walk.

At the ruins of Blackwell Mill the path crosses by a footbridge, and thenceforth is mainly on the other side. Here opens Great Rocks Dale, up which runs the main line of the Midland Railway, after throwing off its Buxton branch. The scene is rather spoiled by the embankments of the two lines filling in the hollow. Near the junction of the main line and the branch, a green zigzag mounts from the railway bridge to the village of Wormhill, above the heights of the left bank, where there are a church, an inn, and an old mansion of the Bagshaw family; and thus one could return to Fairfield by the gorge of a stream issuing here after running three miles underground from the point known as Water Swallows.

Passing under the railway, the Wye path keeps on at the bottom. When it has crossed and re-crossed the stream by two foot-bridges close together, it again passes beneath the line, then comes before the great feature of this long ravine, Chee Tor,

LOOKING DOWN CHEE DALE, HIGH TOR IN THE DISTANCE

a bare mass of limestone rising like a column to the height of about 300 feet, faced by the overhanging crags under which lies our way. The river now takes a wide bend between lofty and grandly wooded banks, making the finest reach of the walk at the end of this bend. Where the path comes into opener ground, some fine crag scenery will be seen above, which can be ascended most easily by a green track presently doubling back as we keep on to Millersdale. About a mile more through the glen, with one nook of beauty succeeding another, brings us out at the bridge below Millersdale station. The last stage is by a private road, closed once a week on the score of danger from blasting operations.

Millersdale, rather naked and scarred by quarrying, yet still fit to pass anywhere else for a wild rocky gorge, seems tame in comparison with the two reaches it connects. The hamlet so called clusters about the junction of the Buxton branch, beneath a green hillock which passengers awaiting a train might ascend for a wide view over

craggy uplands and deep hollows. This part of the valley is a natural junction of several ravines, such as Monksdale, behind the station, which would lead up towards Tideswell, a couple of miles to the north. The round is worth making, to return to the Wye down Tideswell Dale, or further on by Cressbrook Dale, which there are some to call the richest gulf of greenery in Derbyshire. But the village of Cressbrook on its wooded height looks too trim and shady for a true Peakland scene, matching rather the park that blocks this valley; then at the mouth of the brook a more jarring note is struck by a group of mills that announce how the Wye now loses its character as an idle mountain stream, allowing itself to be harnessed for tasks of patient industry.

Yet this disfigurement is reached from above by another bristling pass, and its ochre-stuccoed face looks down to the grandest glen of the Wye, one of the several "finest bits in Derbyshire," where the river bends through Monsal Dale round the foot

ON THE WYE, UPPER DALE FARM MONSAL DALE

of Fin Cop, a camp-crowned height of 1000 feet. A path keeps by the stream from Monsal Dale station; but to view this valley to advantage one should take the steep road above the left bank, mounting to the Headstone or Edgestone, a commanding brow where three roads meet at the "Bull's Head," that may well be a favourite goal of excursionists. Underneath this height the railway takes itself out of view, seeking a shorter line to Bakewell; and Ruskin's soul need no longer be vexed by the prospect downwards.

One can regain the valley by a path from the "Bull's Head," sloping along a high wooded bank on the left of the stream, while the right wall of the gorge shows bare. Thus we come down to a foot-bridge across the river where it has been dammed up to form an artificial fall. Crossing, we get on a path from Monsal Dale station, which carries us between wood and water round the second part of the bend. The sides now have changed characters, the left sternly bare below Fin Cop, the right covered with park-

like timber. Most inviting must this path be when the hawthorns are blossoming among the fresh leafage. Beautiful at all times is the "Arcadia of Derbyshire," not so wildly rugged as the woodland path above Millersdale, but grand as well as fair, and provided with a way to invite the feeblest footsteps.

At the foot of the Monsal Dale, the glen seems shut in by Great Shacklow Wood. Here, on the right, one rejoins the high-road coming down from Taddington through a shady ravine. Now the road once more accompanies the river, and by its bank one has presently the choice of a path to Ashford, whose rose-grown cottages welcome us to milder lowlands, where the wild Wye is imprisoned to make an ornamental sheet before the windows of Ashford Hall.

Ashford-in-the-Water, as becomes a village lying at the gates of a ducal demesne, has two covered pumps and everything handsome about it. It is noted for its marble and spar works, and for its ancient yew-shaded Church, showing among

THE WATERFALL MONSAL DALE

other relics specimens of the artificial funeral garlands decked with paper streamers and rosettes ("maiden strewments") hung up at the burial of young unmarried women, a custom once common, which survived in Derbyshire till the end of the eighteenth century. Behind the church are traces of a castle said to have belonged to Edmund Plantagenet, brother of Edward II. Now the Devonshire family are lords of this region, where the Wye comes near their famous "Palace of the Peak." Ashford is but half an hour's walk from Bakewell, that lies beneath Chatsworth Park.

Bakewell should be well off for dignity, as it enjoys the patronage of two dukes, the Devonshire domains here dovetailing into those of the house of Rutland. It was long the chief market-town of the Peak, may still indeed be called its Berne, overgrown by more than one Geneva and Zurich; but Bakewell would have us know that it, too, has mineral wells no less than those upstarts Buxton and Matlock; as indeed is the case of several Peakland villages which have not

yet been floated into fame and fortune thereby. The Bakewell tepid and mildly chalybeate spring is housed in a bath near the "Rutland Arms," inviting strangers to test the virtues claimed for it, which more than once this town has been in the mind to push upon the notice of an ignorant public, but as yet without wide acceptation. In Domesday Book the name appears as *Badequelle*, probably the well of one Badeca; and this has been corrupted into the present form, connected by punning heraldry with "Bakewell puddings," that appeal to young and eupeptic visitors. Edward the Elder, son of Alfred, had a stronghold here, the memory of which survives in Castle Hill above the left bank of the river, hence flowing smoothly between sedgy banks and fat meadows, bordered by trimly wooded heights. Finally, most guide-books fail to notice how Bakewell has its mark in literature. In my *Surrey*, I took pains to prove beyond question that Esher is the "Highbury" of Jane Austen's *Emma*; but there need be no doubt about

the "Lambton" of *Pride and Prejudice*, when, in Chapter XLIII., a slip of the pen betrays it as Bakewell, from which Elizabeth Bennett made that momentous excursion to "Pemberley" and there encountered its insufferably conceited master, who thus accidentally got a wife much too good for him.

Till it can tap the stream of Buxton patients, Bakewell remains a pleasant and well-built town, doing a fair trade as centre for excursions in its fine neighbourhood, notably to its near neighbours Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. Its own lion is the grand old Church, whose spire rises on the hillside to the right of the river, the station being a little way off, on the left bank, reached by a bridge, on which there is temptation to "hang with grooms and porters." Another institution is the Grammar School, which in our generation was one of the first in England to adopt the plan of "co-education," as is fitting, since it was founded by a Lady Manners under Charles I.

The nave of Bakewell Church seems to date from the beginning of the twelfth century,

and there are traces of earlier worship in the tall sculptured cross in the churchyard, and in a collection of Saxon remains, such as several rudely carved coffin lids which were discovered in the process of restoration. The best of these were carried off by that zealous Derbyshire antiquary Mr Bateman, for his own collection at Lomberdale House; and after his death they passed to the Sheffield Museum, whence, a few years ago, most of them were restored to their proper place. The sculptured font is another venerable relic. But to most visitors the chief attraction will be the Vernon Chapel, containing the tombs of the Vernons, lords of Haddon Hall, and of their successors, the Manners, who became Dukes of Rutland. Here, among older monuments, with effigies of knights in mail, lies Sir George Vernon, with his two wives; and beside them are kneeling figures of Sir John Manners and his "runaway" bride Dorothy, who brought such a good portion to her husband; then a more elaborate tomb commemorates their son Sir George Manners (*d.* 1623) with his

wife and nine children, the date of the lady's death, by omission or by a stroke of art, being left blank. Of this family there is more to be said anon, when we pass down to Haddon Hall.

The churchyard is rich in quaint and curious epitaphs, from that of the parish clerk boldly bidden in words as boldly plagiarised from Dr Johnson, to

> Sleep undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
> Till angels wake thee with such tones as thine![1]

to that said to have been written by Charles Wesley:

> Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
> To earth whose body lent,
> More glorious shall hereafter rise,
> Tho' not more innocent.
>
> When the archangel's trump shall blow,
> And souls to bodies join,
> Thousands shall wish their lives below
> Had been as short as thine.

---

[1] This hyperbole seems to have recommended itself to the eighteenth century; witness Sir John Hawkins' elegy on a musical friend—"Angels shall hail their long-expected guest."

From Bakewell, or indeed from Ashford, the eighteenth-century picturesque-hunter Gilpin can begin to admire the river scenery, having passed the "dreary face of the country" above without another word, till he reached this "beautiful vale fringed with wood." Two miles down the pastures of the tamed Wye bring us under the eminence on its left bank, on which stands Haddon Hall, that noble pile of walls and turrets ranking high among our finest specimens of an old baronial mansion. The work dates from different centuries, as the owners grew in wealth and ideas of comfort; but in general it belongs to the period after that when a lordly home must first of all be a strong fortress. The estate was granted by the Conqueror to "Peveril of the Peak," and in the sixteenth century had passed by marriage to the Vernons, the last of whom, Sir George Vernon (*d.* 1567), earned by his sumptuous ways the title of "King of the Peak." His daughter Dorothy married John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, a legend, of apparently modern origin, making

the swain elope with his lady-love after wooing her in the disguise of a forester, and the door from which Dorothy slipped out is one of the sights; but this story, which has figured in several novels and on the stage, is probably a mere fiction. There is reason rather to believe that the lady was married in full light of day with her father's approval, for why should he not welcome a suitor of such high birth? If he were displeased, he certainly forgave the offence, as stern fathers have a way of doing even in novels; and the young couple became his heirs. The Manners family continued the tradition of princely hospitality left by the Vernons: the first Duke of Rutland had seven-score servants at Haddon Hall, and kept open house for twelve days at Christmas. In the seventeenth century they removed to their still more noble seat at Belvoir, the Derbyshire home being partly dismantled. It now stands as a show, visited by hundreds a day in the fine season, who when passing through these romantic halls may almost be moved to

echo the lines that nipped their late owner's poetic career in the bud :

> Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
> But leave us still our old Nobility !

It is only fair to say that the context a little modifies this startling aspiration ; also that if all English noblemen were such as that Duke of Rutland, we could well afford to let die some branches of law and commerce. With this good word for a threatened estate of the realm, I leave the reader to be duly guided through the Chapel, the Great Hall, the Dining-room, the Drawing-room, the Long Gallery, the State Bedroom, and the Peveril Tower, with their ornaments of painting, carving and tapestry, and quaintly curious relics of the good old times when gentle and simple still thanked heaven that we had a House of Lords. One may add a hint of making haste about a visit to Haddon Hall, since it is whispered that the present owner so much envies the public their enjoyment of this empty *château*, that he proposes to restore it for his own

THE SOUTH SIDE OF HADDON HALL

use as a Trianon or Sandringham change from the princely state of Belvoir.

Behind Haddon Hall a footway would lead to Chatsworth in an hour or so, if one could follow it without getting lost in the woods as hopelessly as Dante. I myself, when trying to trace it out for my *Guide to Derbyshire*——but I must not confess how guides can be fallible. In the end I had to borrow my account of it from the late Mr Baddeley, that guide of guides, who owned to me that it had given him more trouble than any path he ever described. Yet if the stranger do get lost, the worst that may happen to him is wandering on alluring by-ways, where he has only to bear to the left till he comes back to the elevated edge of the Wye Valley, and can keep up it to Bakewell. Or if he bear too much in the other direction, he will stray into the narrowing angle formed by the Derwent and the Wye, that meet two miles below Haddon Hall. Chatsworth will come better strung upon the line of the next chapter.

On the other side of the river, from the

bridge opposite Haddon Hall, a path leads straight into the last of those transepts that multiply the beauties of the Wye Valley. At Alport, a mile or two up this dale, unite the Lathkil and the Bradford, weedy but clear streams famed for their trout from the days of Charles Cotton. On a ridge between their convergence rises the village of Youlgreave, with a notable Church, showing one of the finest towers of the county, some old monuments, and a chancel window by Burne-Jones and W. Morris. The parish register contains a faithful notice of the terrible winter of 1615, when snow lay from the middle of January to the end of May, a foot deep on the first of that month—which by the old calendar would be eleven days later—so that instead of flowers the youths and maidens were fain to keep their May-day with snowballs. Near Youlgreave is Lomberdale House, where Mr Bateman made his collection of Derbyshire antiquities, now mostly in the Sheffield Museum.

Lathkill Dale may be followed for five or six miles as far as much-dwindled Monyash,

once centre of the High Peak lead-mining industry. A southern branch of it leads up to Arbor Low; then either here or at Monyash one is within an easy walk of Parsley Hay station on the line from Buxton to Ashbourne by Dovedale.

Bradford Dale, overhung by weather-worn rocks, of which one near the entrance seems a miniature of the Matlock High Tor, is short and sweet, making an excellent epitome of such scenery. A mile or so of it brings us among woods to the pretty village of Middleton. Hence one might return to the Wye over Harthill Moor and by the woods of Stanton, and with not much digression take in the Cratcliff, Bradley and Rowtor Rocks, the circle called the Nine Ladies, the Andle Stone, a towering boulder to be mounted by steps, and the Castle Ring, a mile south of Youlgreave, an ancient entrenchment on which the Derbyshire Jonathan Oldbucks differ as to its being British, Roman or Danish. But this makes a digression into a fine nook over which I cannot afford to expatiate as it

deserves, having so many more beaten ways to trace in scrimped pages.

Down the valley from Haddon Hall it is a couple of miles direct to Rowsley, where the Wye loses its name in the fame of the Derwent, the chief of the Peak rivers. Before going further we must turn back to trace this stream from its source on the Yorkshire moors.

THE LOWER COURTYARD HADDON HALL

## THE DERWENT

England has several Derwents, not to speak of one in Tasmania, that brighter England of the Antipodes. The Darent of Kent, also, calls cousins with the name; and some etymologists put the Trent at the head of the family, but this derivation I have good authority for refusing. The Derbyshire Derwent, vassal of the Trent, rises at the north end of its county, draining indeed an edge of Yorkshire; and its early course wanders over a moorland wilderness of "old Roman roads and Druidical remains, of ancient barrows, strange tumuli and rocking stones, of tors and cloughs and scars," sought out only by the more arduous breed of tourist, yet shown in a hasty panorama to those who fare at ease on the

bleak railway line by Penistone between Sheffield and Manchester.

But too soon the river loses its wild freedom, fettered and tortured in a series of dams that are to make a reservoir for several cities, as Birmingham has done with a fork of the Welsh Wye, upon whose idle waters London also casts thirsty eye. The works now in progress on the Derwent will eventually extend for miles; and it may be that, when its wounds are scarred over, the valley will have gained a new beauty in shining lakes replacing swirling rapids. At present a great encampment of navvies populates the solitudes of Birchinlee, where the highest reservoir is being constructed.

Near this a hoary pack-bridge leads over to the village of Derwent Chapel and the grounds of Derwent Hall, a most picturesque mansion belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, containing a fine show of old oak furniture and tapestry. Above, on the east side, rises Derwent Edge, bristling with rocks of curious shape that have suggested such names as the "Cakes of Bread," the "Salt

Cellar," and the "Wheelstones." Now these heights echo strange snortings and creakings from below, where a light railway runs up the valley to feed the construction works, but it is not open for general traffic. The cyclist need not complain of the road above the left bank, while on both sides the pedestrian will find bits of pleasant path under the steep green slopes, and open tracks on the steeper moorlands or woodland edges that wall in the valley.

A short two miles below Derwent, Ashopton marks a meeting of glens and roads at the confluence of the Ashop. Its well-known inn is understood to be doomed to submersion by the waterworks; but the landlord has been increasing his premises, as expecting no disturbance for many a year. Here the river is crossed by the Glossop and Sheffield road coming down from Kinderscout to mount again upon Moscar Moor by the Ladybower Brook. A branch road follows the southerly course of the Derwent as it flows between Win Hill and the parapeted eastern heights, that now

take the style of Bamford Edge; and so in some three miles it comes beneath the spire of Bamford, a pleasant village known to golfers as well as anglers. A little further on, near Bamford station, the river, crossed here by the Dore and Chinley line, takes in the Noe from Edale and the gentler vale of Hope. With a twist eastwards between stern edges to the left and wooded brows on the other side, it next comes to flow below Hathersage, the first place on the Derwent that has much to say for itself.

Hathersage made a bid to become an understudy of Sheffield, being noted a century ago for a local manufacture of needles and steel wire; but luckily for visitors, if not for landowners, its smoke never rose black enough to spoil a fine situation upon heights looking down the Derwent Valley, where the Hood Brook falls in from a wooded glen below Stannage Edge. Its lion is a restored Church with some fine windows as well as brasses and monuments. But what the Hathersage folks are proudest of is the grave in the

churchyard, fondly believed to be that of "Little John," Robin Hood's lieutenant, marked by stones standing ten feet apart, for his epithet was of course a jocular one. It is matter of faith that when the grave was opened in the eighteenth century, it proved to contain a skeleton of uncommon size. Not long ago, the "oldest inhabitant" professed to remember Little John's green cap preserved in the church, where his bow still hung in Jacobean times. His very house once stood near the church; and though house and bones and bow are no longer in evidence, he seems as likely to have been born at Hathersage as anywhere else. The Robin Hood country, of course, lies further to the east in Sherwood Forest; but there are many memories of the popular hero in Derbyshire, as in other parts of England. There is Robin Hood's Cave in the heights above Hathersage, and further down the Derwent Robin Hood's Stride over rocks that have also won the name of Mock Beggars' Hall from their illusory resemblance to the roof of a hospitable mansion;

and there is even a Derbyshire hamlet that clusters round his name. One can quite understand how, when pressed by Nottingham sheriffs and the like, the bold outlaw may have taken sure refuge among the rocks of the Peak, as he is said to have done in the hidden chasm of Ludchurch.

A more authentic fame of Hathersage is as one of the scenes of *Jane Eyre*, where it figures as Morton. The novelist's home at Haworth was not so far away over the Yorkshire moors; and she is known to have made a stay here with a friend when she was writing the novel. The name of her heroine she certainly got on the spot. Eyre is a good old Derbyshire name, very familiar at Hathersage. In the church are monuments of doughty Eyres, one of whom fought at Agincourt. A fine Elizabethan manor-house of the Eyres, now come down to a farm, may be seen up the Hood Brook; and on the other side of the Derwent Highlow Hall is a better preserved seat of the same family. Down the Derwent, near Grindleford Bridge, are the ruins of Padley

Chapel, in which the Eyres long kept up their Catholic worship under difficulties. More than one house near Hathersage contends for being the "Moor Hall" of the story; and one of them, Moorseats, was also an Eyre habitation. Many a nook in these hills might be the scene of her clerical wooer's declaration.

The stream descending the ravine, swelled with past spring rains, poured along plentiful and clear, catching golden gleams from the sun, and sapphire tints from the firmament. As we advanced and left the track, we trod a soft turf, mossy fine and emerald green, minutely enamelled with a tiny white flower and spangled with a star-like yellow blossom: the hills, meantime, shut us quite in, for the glen, towards its head, wound to their very core. . . . We reached the first stragglers of a battalion of rocks, guarding a sort of pass, beyond which the beck rushed down a waterfall; and where, still a little further, the mountain shook off turf and flower, had only heath for raiment and crag for gem—where it exaggerated the wild to the savage, and exchanged the fresh for the frowning—where it guarded the forlorn hope of solitude and a last refuge for silence.

From Hathersage there are easy ways

down the Derwent valley, now opened out to display the encompassing edges mantled with wood or bristling with fantastic crags. But on foot or wheels, one does well to take a roundabout route upon the side of this amphitheatre, starting along the Sheffield road that runs high over the left bank of the river. This soon brings us under Millstone Edge, on which stand Higgar Tor, a mass of gritstone blocks pierced by a natural arch, and Carl's Wark, one of the most remarkable old camps of Britain in somewhat the same style of labyrinthine fortification as the larger Maiden Castle near Dorchester. These are only samples of the camps, barrows and natural curiosities to be sought out here.

The road, at a height of over 1000 feet, comes to a cleft on Millstone Edge, known as the Surprise View, because here on both sides are focussed and concentrated the far valley prospects commanded by this moorland terrace. The finer of the two panoramas is perhaps that backward upon the Derwent and the Vale of Hope. Right

below us here lies Grindleford Bridge, for which we are making on a devious line, to return by the loops of a lower road that will soon be seen winding in front of the Longshaw Lodge grounds of the Duke of Rutland. Forbidding notices to trespassers, taking the place of walls and hedges, remind us that these moors have masters; but we are hardly tempted to leave the wild-edged road as it drops down to Burbage Bridge, below Carl's Wark, passing a curious mass of rocks named the Toad's Mouth. Beside a crossing of roads at a height of nearly 1200 feet, three miles from Hathersage, is reached the Fox House Inn, a hostelry which unites the dignity of old note with signs of being within the range of Sheffield holidays. Hence we may hold on above the Derwent by the high ground; or at this corner the road by Longshaw Lodge and the Padley Woods would in a couple of miles bring us down to Grindleford station and the village of Grindleford Bridge, for which we have nearly doubled the distance of an hour's direct walk below Hathersage.

It seems only the other day that the Dore and Chinley branch made Grindleford a jumping-off place for this part of the Derwent Valley, down which a light railway has been talked of to connect with the main line at Hassop, gained in two hours' sharp walking, while at present from Hassop to Grindleford needs a railway round through most of the Peak country. The valley now takes on the softer aspects of Callander or Ambleside, seamed with roads and avenues, dotted with villages, mansions, and tall chimney stalks; looked down on from the east by a line of stern walls having Froggatt Edge as their most general name, and on the other side shut in by woods that curtain moors and dales stretching towards the course of the Wye.

Hereabouts, the most often-sought spot is Eyam, a village some two miles in a bee-line south-west of Grindleford, while its name reaches miles to the north in Eyam Moor with its nine-stone circle and other rock monuments, and Eyam Woodland falling to the Derwent opposite Hathersage.

The boss of this airy parish is the hill called Sir William, on the south side of which the village stands at a height of nearly 1000 feet.

In itself one of the most attractive spots of the Peak, Eyam has many visitors—

> Less by love of Nature's wonders led,
> Than by the memory of a mighty woe,
> Which smote like blasting thunder, long ago,
> The peopled hills.

Still is remembered with pitiful interest the story of the plague that almost depopulated Eyam in 1666, said to have been introduced by a box of clothing from London. The unfortunate people were pent in by alarmed neighbours who drove them back with stones and sticks if they tried to escape their infection. For a year they remained cut off from the world, fed by supplies which were left for them on the plague-stricken boundary; and a well is shown in which they are said to have left their money in exchange, though soon they could have no money to give, and their sustenance depended on charity organised by the

Earl of Devonshire, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, who through this trying year nobly stuck to his post at Chatsworth, a few miles off. But the hero of Eyam was its parson Mompesson, whose devotion is not forgotten. His children were sent away on the outbreak, but the mother remained to share his toils and perils; and she fell a victim, while he lived on for forty years. At the time in daily expectation of death, he exerted himself to keep up the hearts of his stricken parishioners; and it seems to have been due to his influence as much as to force that they did not break out of the infected area. He was bravely seconded by his predecessor Thomas Stanley, the ejected Nonconformist incumbent. After the plague was stayed some miserable bigots were for turning this dissenter out of Eyam, but got a sharp rebuke from the Lord-Lieutenant, willing to wrest the law in favour of a man whose doctrine bore such fruit. The north aisle of the Church has been rebuilt as a memorial to both divines, alike sound in their Christian courage and humanity.

The churchyard, among other interesting memorials, contains the tomb of Mrs Mompesson, near a Saxon cross resembling those at Hope and Bakewell. Few God's-acres show so many epitaphs in verse, a fashion set here by Peter Cunningham, curate to the absentee Dr Seward of Lichfield, whose daughter, Anna Seward, has references to her birthplace in works that might have been wholly forgotten but for the luck of having Sir Walter Scott for an editor, though she cut a prominent figure as "Swan" of the Lichfield literary backwater so noted in her day. Among other wordy verses, she wrote a monody on the death of Major André, who was one of her friends; and I have read somewhere a weird anecdote about a foreboding of his hapless fate that came upon a lady meeting him at Eyam. Another incumbent has left a memory less heroic than that of Mompesson. It is recorded that having got the worst of an action for breach of promise of marriage, he took refuge from costs and damages in the vestry, there spent the rest

of his life, and was safely buried in this sanctuary.

Hardly a field about Eyam but has its graves. Miss Seward states, but one would prefer medical evidence, that in the middle of the next century a contagious fever broke out in the parish through one of the plague graves having been accidentally disturbed. The "Riley Stones," about half a mile above the village, mark the burial-place of the Hancock family, seven of them having died in a week, to be buried by the mother with her own hands. Another memorial, in a beautiful dell entered by a narrow chasm, is the mass of rock called Cucklet Church, hollowed with natural arches in one of which, says tradition, Mompesson preached and prayed for his afflicted flock when fear kept them out of the church.

By Cucklet Delf, as it is locally named, or by the short Eyam Dale to the east, one comes down into the celebrated and well-named dale of Stony Middleton, overhung by grand rocks that simulate the ruins of a castle; but its fine natural features have

ON THE DERWENT, BASLOW

been somewhat spoiled by quarrying, while the lead-mining has given place to a prosaic industry of boot-making. Through this glen runs a road from Tideswell, passing, near its mouth, the village of Stony Middleton and the picturesque Hall, in the grounds of which is a tepid spring, once of resort and said to have been known to the Romans. The crags at this end show a Lover's Leap, over which a heart-sick maiden threw herself in 1760, but with the unromantic result of falling into a sawpit, and recovering from her injuries to live for a time in exemplary repentance.

Middleton Dale debouches at Calver, a place of mills, from which a shady lowland road runs on to Bakewell by the richly timbered park of Hassop; or to the right one can follow the moorland heights of Longstone Edge to the Headstone above Monsal Dale. Another road keeps by the river to Baslow, a group of hamlets much frequented by Sheffield excursionists, above which stands a well-known hydropathic hotel offering its visitors fine walks through

the Yeld woods behind, and up by the Wellington or the Nelson Monuments to the high edges that under different names shut in this reach of the valley on the east. There can be no better centre for visiting various aspects of Peakland, whose wildest and most ornate scenes lie within a walk. For Baslow clusters about one gate of Chatsworth Park; another, towards Bakewell, being guarded by the truly ducal village of Edensor, whose elegant rusticity makes a contrast to the typical Derbyshire hamlet.

Edensor carries out its model character in a handsome Church, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, preserving some of the old monuments, with a memorial window to Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose simple tomb in the churchyard recalls the thrill of horror that ran through both Britain and Ireland at the news how this promising public servant had been brutally assassinated in the Phœnix Park, Dublin. Another tomb here is that of Sir Joseph Paxton, the Chatsworth gardener who

came to shining fame by his design of the Crystal Palace. There are also some quaint memorials of older worthies.

From Baslow or Edensor we have a way near the Derwent through the noble park of Chatsworth, which its owner would seem to keep up rather for public gratification than his own. The park is about ten miles round, enclosing a variety of scenery, from the richly sylvan to the ruggedly romantic. The river, which cuts it in two, has been improved into a trim sheet, among lawns and groves where one would hardly guess how, above, stretches one of the wildest moors in Derbyshire. A road passes through the grounds, in front of the stately classical palace that has replaced Bess of Hardwick's structure, in which Hobbes, the philosophic Leviathan, smoked himself to a good old age as a dependant of the Devonshire family. The present building dates from the Revolution period; and Wren is said to have had a hand in it, but Talman was the chief architect. Later additions are not altogether admirable. The Hunting

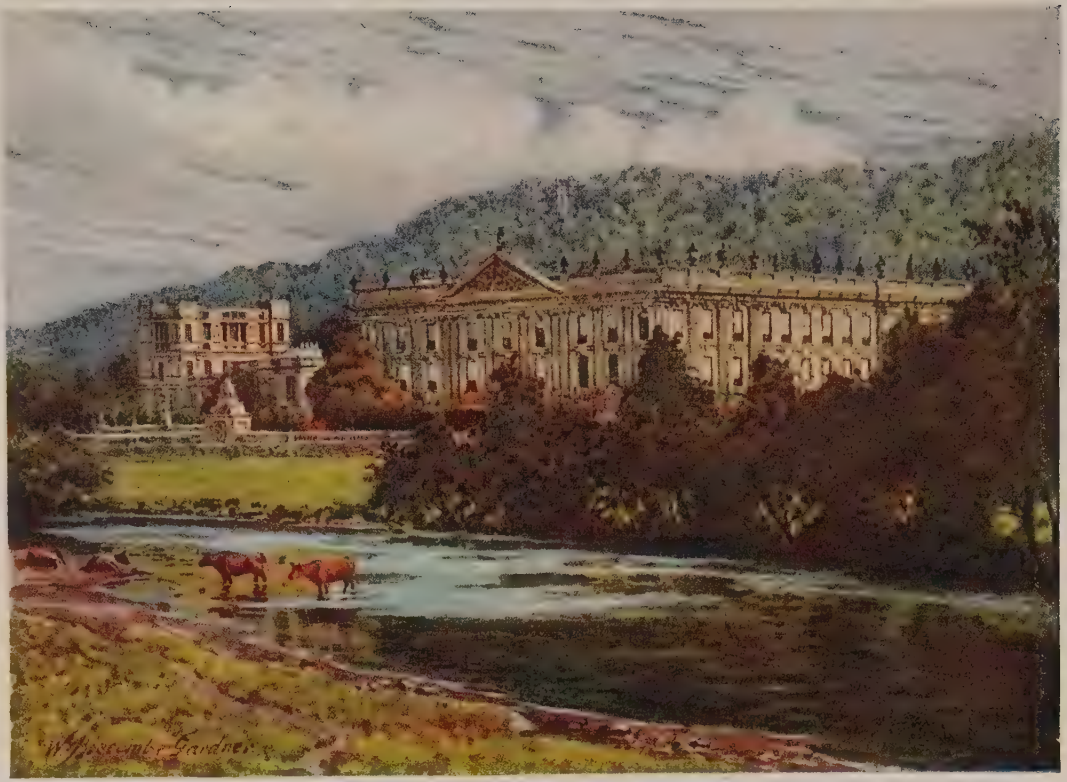
Tower is conspicuous on the heights above, where but seldom flies the flag proclaiming that the Duke is at his finest seat. Below, by the river, is the moated enclosure called Queen Mary's Bower, understood to have had some connection with her captivity. Another prisoner at Chatsworth was Marshal Tallard, taken at Blenheim, who is reported to have bid good-bye to his host with true French politeness: "When I return to France and reckon up the days of my captivity in England, I shall leave out all those I spent in Chatsworth."

The house, with its wonders of costly art, makes a show open through the day in absence of the family, but, truth to tell, those capable of really admiring its contents will be tantalised and bedazzled by the pace at which parties are hurried through in charge of perfunctory guardians. The result to most visitors must be a bewildering vision of sculpture, mosaics, marbles, gildings, painted ceilings, portraits, carvings, mouldings, richly-bound books, priceless manuscripts, costly furniture, old china, *bric-à-brac*,

quaint relics of the past, and what not. Among the features that may strike even an uninstructed eye are the singularly faithful wood-carvings attributed in part to Grinling Gibbons, our English master in this art, but the chief credit may belong rather to the local carver, Watson; the realistically painted fiddle by Verrio, which anyone might be deceived into trying to take down; and the sham book-cases whose dummy volumes were lettered by the wit of Thomas Hood, "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "Boyle on Steam," "Dirge on the Death of Wolfe, by Lamb," "Malthus' Attack of Infantry," and so on through a string of merry quips. Connoisseurs will gloat on such masterpieces as Titian's Philip II., Holbein's Henry VIII., Rembrandt's Jewish Rabbi, Reynolds' "Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire, and so many others that one wonders if the fortunate owner himself knows all his own blessings. Another question that occurs, is as to his arrangements with any insurance office that might be ruined by a fire at Chatsworth. The

sculpture gallery is rich in works by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and other great names. Local materials are treated with due honour, as in the tables and doorways set with Derbyshire marble, and the Blue John vase, which is the grandest specimen of this mineral.

Then come the gardens with all their glories, curiosities, and whims of ornament. They are strong in waterworks, such as the artificial willow-tree that may be worked to pour from every metal leaf a treacherous shower upon any unlucky stranger caught in this trap. The Emperor Fountain makes a geyser that might take high rank in the Yellowstone Park. The Great Conservatory, erected by Paxton, was the father of all Crystal Palaces. Under the care of the same gardener first flowered in Britain the *Victoria Regia*, brought from the Guiana swamps to a house and pond specially made for it here in 1849. In these gardens the Duke may indeed boast himself to hold, like the British Empire, "dominion over palm and pine." Not least cherished among



CHATSWORTH FROM THE DERWENT

their growths are several trees bearing inscriptions to tell how they were planted by Royal personages to mark a visit to Chatsworth, which, if not with the same advantages, may be enjoyed by Tom, Dick and Harry on most days in the year. I forget the almost incredible number of sight-seers given me as passing through these halls one Bank holiday.

Beyond the park, "where the scorned Peak rivals proud Italy," the Derwent flows through a home-farm-like vale, bordered by crags that have given the village of Beeley a name for grindstones. Past this, by road or path, we come to Rowsley, at the confluence of the Wye among wooded heights. Rowsley, with its Peacock Inn, is well known to anglers and artists; and its railway station, on the Midland line, marks a main stream of travel. Here we are in another ducal demesne, as may be seen by a visit to the Church, where a mortuary chapel enshrines a fine tomb to the wife and child of the Duke of Rutland, long known as Lord John Manners. This is of local stone,

adorned with Derbyshire marbles and alabaster; and the floor of the chapel is inlaid with rich marble mosaics. Hence, as shown in the last chapter, a couple of miles up the Wye one can reach Haddon Hall, half-way to Bakewell.

The next reach of the Derwent valley is Darley Dale, a scene of trim and gentle beauties that makes an anteroom to the gorges of Matlock. On the heights at the north end is Stancliffe Hall, once residence of Sir Joseph Whitworth, who laid out the grounds so as to present natural gigantic rockeries, where the whole hill face is now being quarried away. There was a design to turn his house into a popular pleasure resort or an hotel, but it has become a school, as is also the case with the ex-hydropathic. Perhaps it is as well for the beauties of Darley Dale that it makes an excursion rather than a sojourn for strangers. Yet it has a nucleus of resort in the Whitworth Institute, a local People's Palace founded by Sir Joseph for the instruction and amusement of his neighbours.

The village, so well endowed, is picturesquely scattered among the woods and meadows of a wide opening in moorland hills. Near the railway station stands the ancient Church, which has a gorgeous Burne-Jones window, a Crusader's altar tomb, and other monuments; but its lion is the venerable yew outside, which, measuring 33 feet round the stem, claims to be one of the finest and halest, yet perhaps the oldest, in England, though estimates of its age differ from hundreds to thousands of years. Dr John Lowe is an iconoclast of such reputations, who, in his book on the yew trees of Great Britain and Ireland, will hardly allow any of them to be as old as Methuselah.

On either side of the river there are fine rambles to be taken. Behind North Darley, the broken hollow of Two Dales, *alias* "Toad's Hole," is meeting-place of Sydnope Dale and Hall Dale, winding north-eastward, that from this tamed valley mount up to moors where hardly a house will be seen for miles. On the other side, by Birchover, is reached that remarkable gather-

ing of natural rocks already mentioned about Stanton; and a round through them would lead on to Winster, a quaint and picturesquely decayed little market-town, whose Hall was home of Mr Jewitt, the Derbyshire antiquary. From it one can return to the main valley by Wensleydale, passing under Oaker Hill, a long hump crowned by what seems a wind-blown tree. Wordsworth has versified the legend of how two brothers said farewell here, each planting a sycamore that should twine fraternally together. One of these trees died, but has been of late replaced, I understand, by a little brother that will in time carry out the romantic fancy.

On the north side of Oaker Hill the Derwent is reached at South Darley; on the south the way from Winster by Snitterton soon gets into Matlock, all whose caverns would echo with indignation, and its hydropathics would spit forth on me the iciest douches, if I did not treat it as worthy of a chapter to itself.

ON THE DERWENT, CHATSWORTH PARK

## MATLOCK

In Matlock Dale, between heights rising to some 1000 feet, for a long two miles the goodly stream again pours through such a gorge, walled with rough crags set in wild verdure, as is more characteristic of the Wye than of the Derwent once it has left its native moors. This ravine and its bold surroundings make the "Switzerland of England," a Switzerland on somewhat reduced scale, more loudly admired in the days when popular excursions did not reach to the real Switzerland, yet admirable enough in its way, so long as one be not deluded about it by superlatives. It was here, indeed, that Byron declared Derbyshire to have features as noble as anything in Greece or Switzerland; but then

he had Mary Chaworth as companion of a mood for which, it is the experience not only of poets, "a livelier emerald twinkles in the grass." But in fine weather no one will be inclined to quarrel with Matlock's charms, nor to carp at the epithets ("infinite majesty" and so forth) with which the local writer Jewitt bespangled his description of this dale.

It is difficult to tell at what period the view from this point is most charming. We have seen it in the spring, when the young foliage has scarcely burst from the bud, and when the brilliant green of the unfolding leaf has been relieved by the strongly defined outline of the branches, and we have thought that nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene; we have seen it in the summer, when the whole slope of the mountain-side has been but one broad mass of thick, luxurious foliage, and we have compared the deep green and brown tints of the wooded heights with the greyness of the jutting masses of rock, and thought the effect gorgeous in the extreme; we have seen it in the autumn, when the almost impenetrable masses of trees have arrayed themselves in their richest and most varied tints and colours, and we have glanced upwards from the solemn darkness of the river,

to the whitened roads and houses, the cold and mottled greyness of the rocks mapped in every direction by clinging ivy, the sombre brown of the stems and branches of the trees, the dark green shades of some of the foliage, and the brilliant reds, oranges, and purples of the others up to the dark fringe of heavy pines standing out in bold array against the warm tints of the autumnal sky, and we have felt, even then, that there were beauties which we had not before noticed; we have seen it in the cold winter, when Masson's proud head has been encased in snow, and where the trees have been festooned in ice, and the streams congealed, and we have felt that there was more grandeur, more majesty, more wildness and romance, in the scene, than we felt in any other season.

Matlock falls into two, or indeed three, divisions. At the head of the dale, near Matlock Bridge station, the Church marks the nucleus of the old village, overshadowed by its vigorous offshoots. Up a steep hill-side here spread the houses and hydropathics of Matlock Bank. About two miles down come the older amenities of Matlock Bath. The Bank and Bath, joined like dumb-bells by the river, or balanced like scales upon

the High Tor separating them, are rival resorts that seem to love one another as do two of a trade, as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as Margate and Ramsgate, or, may we say, as Melbourne and Sydney. Though so near, they are under separate District Councils. Each has its separate machinery of excursions and its own predominant style of hostelry. The Bath boasts the best hotels. The Bank chiefly entertains guests at its hydropathic establishments. The Bath, as the older resort, speaks of the Bank as an upstart, a haven of hypochondriacs, a place of "gorgons and hydros and chimæras dire." The Bank affects to look down on the hearty jollity of the "trippers" who make the Bath their own in the summer season. Perhaps the passing visitor would do best at the Bath, while for a longer stay the Bank would be the more airy sojourn; but this is much a matter of taste.

Precedence must here be given to the Bank, as coming higher up, as indeed the larger and more flourishing place of the

two, though the Bath now lays plans to recapture its lost superiority. The name of Matlock Bank seems to ape humility for an airy hillside, the steep slope of which is ascended by a cable tram or lift presented to his native place by the proprietor of *Tit-Bits*. Half-way up stands Smedley's Hydropathic, the trunk that has spread into a banyan grove of similar institutions, large and small. Its pious founder is not yet forgotten as a "character," also as a worthy and well-meaning philanthropist whose memory is kept moist by the Smedley Memorial Hospital at Matlock, while, on the top of an adjacent hill, Riber Castle stands a conspicuous monument of his ability to be at least the architect of his own fortunes.

Manufacturing excellent hosiery at Lea Mills was the tune of John Smedley's life, running into variations that were apt to change their key. All through he seems to have been imperious, generous, conscientious and zealous in a way of his own, not always the same way. He began as a strong Churchman, who would hardly let his work-

people go to chapel; he became a vehement dissenting preacher, denouncing the established clergy as blind leaders of the blind. For a good part of his life he carried on a guerilla controversy against parsons and doctors. At one time he pinned his faith to certain quack pills, with which he insisted on dosing the whole factory, as Lieutenant Pottyfar pressed his "Universal medicine" upon that sly young rascal Mr Midshipman Easy. But next Smedley discovered that all drugs were diabolic inventions. Having been cured of a serious illness by hydropathy as practised in the "fearless old fashion" at Ben Rhydding, he emerged a glowing convert, keen on douching instead of dosing his workpeople. His first hydropathic appliances were for their benefit; then soon his zeal welcomed outsiders; and in the fifties of last century he set about building the establishment on Matlock Bank. In its design he is understood to have shown the practical sense that underlay his enthusiasms, by planning that it might be turned into a factory if the water-cure

enterprise did not succeed, a fact accounting for the barrack-like plainness of the original structure. This, it appears, was not actually the first "hydro" at Matlock, a small one having been already opened, which Smedley took over as nucleus for his enterprise on a large scale.

It did succeed, almost beyond his expectations. Smedley, who was his own architect, had no hesitation in taking on himself to be medical as well as spiritual adviser. His wife made a fitting helpmeet in all concerns of management, that soon grew to try their powers of organisation. Perhaps we do not hear of patients who may have got harm, or no good, from the heroic treatment administered in such earnest faith. But many felt so much benefited that the fame of Smedley's spread, especially among the Nonconformist world, which, to judge by the advertisements in its favourite organs, has a bias towards unorthodox medication. The best part of his treatment, indeed, was open air, early hours, water, and temperance. Since his day

many hydropathics have backslided into worldliness, some being even licensed for the sale of drink; but Smedley insisted on "the rigour of the game." Diet was simple, with a leaning towards vegetarianism. Alcohol and exciting amusements were tabooed. Tobacco was frowned on. Venerable seniors sometimes took offence at being fined for coming late to table. After dinner, as I have heard scoffers describe, the faithful were set reposing upon a couch, each with a cushion laid over the seat of digestion; and thus they ruminated like Eastern fakirs who sought enlightenment in fixing their thoughts on the navel. A sense of humour would not be the strong point of Smedley or his best clients. Among his contrivances was a shower-bath for administering baptism to adults with proper decency. One can't suppose him capable of a grim jest I have known practised by another austere hydropathist, who, observing that his Highland guests were much in the way of ordering shaving water to their bedrooms at all hours, chuckled to pop a

piece of soap into each jug before it went upstairs.

Smedley appears a precursor of Father Kneipp in making respectable citizens tramp barefoot through grass or snow. At first he confined himself to simple applications of water, wet sheets and packs, douches and baths. But he went on elaborating the means of treatment; and by-and-by, on the lessons of experience, he took to milder methods. In the end he even stooped to engage a qualified doctor, the late Dr Hunter, under whom the establishment flourished no less than in the sole charge of its founder. In ten years it had to be enlarged and rebuilt. Before this, out of it and his mills, Smedley had made such a fortune that he built for himself Riber Castle as a private residence, where fresh air would be more easily come by than water; yet there, too, he provided for the administration of his panacea. This structure, said to have cost £60,000, is too plainly the work of an amateur architect, and was somewhat grotesquely adorned with devices

such as a hybrid coat-of-arms, reminding me of a self-made man in my part of the world, who adopted as his crest the well-worn device of a lion rampant, with the incongruous motto *Honesty is the best Policy*. The lord of Riber's watchword seems to have been making the best of both worlds.

Not long after his retirement to this lofty seat, from which he could watch the growth of humbler rivals to his own establishment, John Smedley, having now passed threescore and ten, found water no infallible remedy against the disease of *A.D.* In 1874, driving to his works at Lea Mills, he there had a drink of water, and, whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, was taken seriously ill on the way home. Mrs Smedley survived him for years, dying of cancer in 1892.

The hydropathic establishment started by this remarkable couple is now run by a Company, perhaps not at such high hydraulic pressure, but with all the sparkle of success. Along with its special attractions of wholesome diet, artful bathing, and sociable pleasures, it now provides a winter garden

home for valetudinarian boarders, with covered verandahs, graveled walks, and corridors warmed in winter. At the numerous other establishments, treatment is given more or less seriously and scientifically, with a different degree of homeliness according to the varying scale of terms. It is in summer that these pensions will be most frequented by a class of visitors a good proportion of whom are seekers of health rather by the way of pleasure or repose than of doctoring. The fact of charges being reduced in winter is significant, yet then Matlock Bank would in not a few cases be found a favourable place of residence, and it seems coming into notice in this capacity. This open and airy situation enjoys an invigorating climate, cold in winter yet clear and fairly dry. The rainfall is less than at Buxton, and soon dries off on the porous gritstone slopes. The terraced roads allow feebler invalids to stretch their legs without undue fatigue, while the steep ascents offer a natural remedy for ailments where the blood needs

to be pumped away from the seat of disorder. Matlock Moor, the edge above Matlock Bank, is, indeed, rather blocked up by notices to trespassers and by the rifle range against its face ; but one may sneak on to it by more than one way to gain a point called the Wire Stone, which commands a wide view.

Behind this ridge, a few miles off, in the valley of the Amber, lies Ashover, which may be called an offshoot of Matlock, as it also has a hydropathic and other accommodations, making a snug haven "far from the madding crowd," with Stretton as the nearest station, three miles off. This is a sleepy hollow of less boldly striking features than Matlock Dale, but very pleasantly and healthily situated among low hills, with a good old Church for a sight, and the picturesque ruins of Eastwood Hall, brought to this state by the Roundheads. Behind Overton Hall, the home of Sir Joseph Banks, Captain Cook's comrade, may be ascended Cocking Tor, on the flank of which is a huge "Turning Stone," to

which local wit ascribes the property of rocking as often as it hears the church clock strike.

But we need not enter upon the many excursions to be made from Matlock Bank, they being practically the same as those from the Bath, though, so strong is the local jealousy between those places, drivers licensed in one territory are not allowed to pick up passengers in the other. The first place for which the sojourner at the Bank will make is the Bath, and *vice versâ*, the two being connected by the busy road through Matlock Dale, and by byways over the heights on either side, not to speak of the railway that vexes Ruskin's spirit. There are regular 'buses plying backwards and forwards; and an electric tram may come any day as a further incubus for the æsthetic soul.

Above the left bank rises the High Tor, a swell of limestone crags showing a sheer face to the valley. This, with its deep clefts, its woods, lawns and view-points, is enclosed as a huge tea-garden resort, after

the Matlock manner, and one must pay one's pence for enjoying the really fine prospect. Its bare bluff of about 400 feet above the river is faced on the other side by the rather more elevated Heights of Abraham, clad with rich woods and crowned by a Prospect Tower, which is said to look over five counties. Access to this costs sixpence; but the cheaper view from the High Tor gives a better sight of the Dale between them. Behind the Heights of Abraham the tableland of Masson rises to over 1000 feet, topped by a clump of trees from which may be had gratis one of the most extensive outlooks upon the Peak country.

On these heights, and in the valley below, one may be a little put out by the way in which the Matlock people exploit their beauties and curiosities, fencing in the finest bits, and levying a "gate" on the performances of Nature, while everywhere the scenery is disfigured by flaring boards to attract custom. "The trail of the tripper is over it all." Nathaniel Hawthorne calls

THE HIGH TOR, MATLOCK

out against this as a "disagreeable phase of man's conquest over Nature in England —cavern mouths shut up with cellar doors, cataracts under lock and key, precipitous crags compelled to figure in ornamental gardens," so as to give the wildest scenery an air of artificial rock-work on a large scale. The Caverns for which Matlock is celebrated, are generally open at a charge of 1s. or 6d., reduced for parties, or excursionists may be admited at half price on showing their railway ticket. One will seldom be at a loss to find the way to these recesses, brought to notice by bold advertisements and assertions of their respective superiority.

Almost every cave claims to be the one best worth visiting, in the opinion of its proprietor; but we would rather make no odious comparison of their merits. Most of them are abandoned lead workings, dating in some cases from Roman days, and often serving to open out natural fissures. The largest is the Rutland Cavern on the Heights of Abraham, which would hold 10,000 men,

they say, in its recesses. We will not ask which cave Hawthorne explored and did not think much of—"dreary enough and wild enough, though in a mean sort of way; for it is but a long series of passages and crevices, generally so narrow that you scrape your elbows, and so low that you hit your head . . . . a very dirty, sordid, disagreeable burrow, more like a cellar gone mad than anything else, but it served to show us how the crust of the earth is moulded." That this writer may not be accused of running down Matlock, should be quoted also what he says of it in general:

My present impressions are that I have never seen anywhere else such exquisite scenery as that which surrounds the village. The street itself, to be sure, is commonplace enough, and hot, dusty and disagreeable; but if you look above it, or on either side, there are green hills descending abruptly down, and softened with woods among which are seen villas, cottages, castles; and beyond the river is a line of crags, perhaps three hundred feet high, clothed with shrubbery in some parts from top to bottom, but in other places presenting a sheer precipice of rock, over which tumbles, as it were, a cascade of ivy and creeping

plants. It is very beautiful, I might almost say very wild, but it has those characteristics of finish and of being redeemed from Nature, and converted into a portion of the adornment of a great garden, which I find in all English scenery.

And while we are at quotations, let us remember how the poets have paid more respect to Matlock's caves and other natural wonders—Darwin, for example :

. . . . Proud Masson rises rude and bleak,
And with misshapen turrets crests the Peak ;
Old Matlock gapes with marble jaws beneath,
And o'er scar'd Derwent bends her flinty teeth ;
Deep in wide caves below the dangerous soil,
Blue sulphurs flame, imprison'd waters boil,
Impetuous streams in spiral columns rise
Through rifted rocks, impatient for the skies ;
Or o'er bright seas of bubbling lavas blow,
As heave and toss the billowy fires below.
Condensed on high, in wandering rills they glide
From Masson's dome, and burst his sparry side ;
Round his grey towers, and down his fringed walls,
From cliff to cliff the liquid treasure falls ;
In beds of stalactite, bright ores among,
O'er corals, shells, and crystals, winds along ;
Crusts the green mosses and the tangled wood,
And, sparkling, plunges to its parent flood.

Beyond Matlock Bath station we enter the main street of the original resort, which

is the more favoured by excursionists, though the Bank has a larger contingent of sojourners. The thermal earthy waters here, from the end of the seventeenth century, brought the place into a certain vogue, following the fame of Buxton and Harrogate. These waters, too, were used in cases of rheumatism, gout, etc., but they fell out of medical repute, and Matlock has for some time back been depending rather on its attractions as a Switzerland, though several springs fill hotel baths, and one public one where the water may be tasted. There has been talk of an attempt to galvanise the spa into fresh activity, as in the case of Clifton, whose tepid water is of similar qualities. The hotelkeepers would welcome such a revival as bait for profitable customers; but other inhabitants are equally interested in the small profits and quick returns gained from the trippers. The improvement scheme at present seems to go no further than a small bit of garden enclosed on the right bank, which further on, opposite a most noble stretch of crag and

wood, has been vulgarised by a switchback railway, impudently proclaiming itself "the only amusement that is conducive to health"! As a set-off against this concession to the tastes of the million, the once popular "Pavilion" above has become secluded within the grounds of a hotel. Far be it from me to sneer at the greatest good of the greatest number; but one can't help feeling it a pity that people should come to such a place as Matlock for diversions that might be as well enjoyed on Glasgow Green or Wormwood Scrubbs.

The river now flows below a bank of wooded crags, the left side laid out in shady "Lovers' Walks," while on the other crooks the long street, where trippers are appealed to by rival refreshment rooms and "Museums," bazaars of the spar and other mineral ornaments that here answer to "a present from Margate." Pictorial postcards are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa; and penny-in-the-slot machines make their mute appeal. Petrifying wells also vie for penny patronage in exhibition of curious and comical effects

of incrustation by the mineralised waters. The objects destined to "petrifaction" are arranged in tiers upon which the water is directed, and these being frequently turned, in a year or two they will be coated by the deposit. Another favourite sight is a fish-pond of tepid water in which thrive chub, perch, goldfish, and others kept fat by contributions from an admiring public, administered by means of an apparatus for putting in a penny and bringing out a packet of food for fishes. On the slope behind are the chief hotels with their baths. Here also are the Romantic Rocks or Dungeon Tors, a dark and dank labyrinth, which one would judge "for whispering lovers made" who have not yet got to the age of rheumatism. Then on this height are gained other caves and views, which will not fail to be forced on the notice of strangers; and each of them, according to its proprietor, who ought to know, is the thing most worth seeing in Matlock.

Matlock's street, becoming the Derby road, holds on down the river, with fine

prospects of the dale, beginning to be spoiled by mills. A mile below Matlock Bath it passes through Scarthin Nick, a portal in the limestone rocks, bringing it upon Cromford, a little manufacturing town that makes so near a neighbour for Matlock. On the opposite side of the river are the grounds of Willersley Castle, seat of the family founded by Sir Richard Arkwright, well known as inventor of the spinning frame that has done so much for English manufactures, a self-made man who was wont to boast humorously his descent from the oldest of families, Noah being the first *ark-wright.* Born 1732, he began life as a barber, and ended with a large fortune from the mills he established at Cromford, still at work outside the gates of the picturesquely-situated mansion that records his success.

Cromford itself lies to the right, when one has passed Scarthin Nick; to the left, a mile off, is its station, reached by a bridge, at which the rebuilt Cromford Church contains a fine Arkwright monument by Chantrey. The churches hereabouts are

spick-and-span rather than ancient. Perhaps the most historical is an ugly chapel which, built as the house of Arkwright's partner, was endowed as a dissenting place of worship by an eighteenth-century Lady Glenorchy, who aspired to be a mother in Israel after the model of the Countess of Huntingdon, and, through the accident of her carriage breaking down at Matlock, was brought to fix herself here for the short rest of her life.

It is not to be wondered at if rich idlers are tempted to settle among the charms of Matlock, radius as it is of roads to manifold aspects of scenery, among which carriages are not now so likely to break down. To Ambergate, a few miles down the river, in an opener valley edged with wood, road and river run on picturesquely, but for the intrusions of business, to where a row of reeking lime-kilns defaces the confluence of the Amber with the Derwent, and the junction of main Midland lines. Ambergate, which is the southern gate of the Peak country, may be reached more deviously by a less

spoiled round on the other side of the river. This way takes driving parties by Tansley to the picturesque ruins of Wingfield Manor, one of Queen Mary's prisons, destroyed in the Civil War; then past the woods of Lea Hurst, home of Miss Florence Nightingale; and on to Crich Stane, a tower perched on a quarried hill which commands such a wide view that it is said Lincoln Cathedral can be seen, by help of a telescope, on a clear day.

The road to the right through Cromford leads in two miles to Wirksworth, under the *Stonnis* or "Black Rocks," masses of dark gritstone roughening the edge of a wooded cliff, with a prospect some vote the finest of all. The crags have been compared by Mr Bradbury to a battery of cannon, one suggesting a giant's gun pointed against Riber Castle, which critical eyes would like to see shot away, the most charitable view of it being as designed as at once a conspicuous beacon for wanderers and a warning example for builders. Like other mansions of this vicinity, it is now a school, whose pupils

must enjoy excellent air and a capital view of their own ; and in days before gunpowder it would have made a most formidable fortress.

When Matlock and Cromford were mere hamlets, Wirksworth was a place of note, an ancient market-town, court and centre of lead-mining of the Low Peak, as shown by its Moot Hall, in which till lately venerable customs of miners' law were kept up. The old lead-workings feed a subterranean lake, on which neighbouring towns have cast covetous eyes for a reservoir ; and the exploration of it in a boat is said to suggest the Belgian Grotto of Han. The fine old Church, much restored, but preserving old monuments, disputes with Tideswell and Ashbourne the dignity of "Cathedral of the Peak." Wirksworth is also well off for dissenting chapels. One of them has a tablet to Elizabeth Evans, here roundly named as the original of "Dinah Morris,' though George Eliot disclaimed taking from her aunt more than a suggestion of that heroine. There need be no doubt that

Wirksworth was "Snowfield," which "lay grim, stony and unsheltered up the sides of a steep hill." The novelist's father, "Adam Bede," had here courted her aunt, who married the uncle, "Seth," in real life. Other scenes of her first famous novel can be identified in this district, "Hayslope" being evidently Ellaston on the Stafford border, and "Eagledale" apparently Dovedale, that seems to part the Stonyshire and the Loamshire of *Adam Bede*, where "in two or three hours' ride the traveller might exchange a bleak, treeless region, intersected by lines of cold grey stone, for one where his road wound under the shelter of up-swelling hills, muffled with hedgerows and long meadow grass and thick corn."

The favourite Dovedale excursion is made by the road going out west from Cromford, by Bonsall, an old village bearing an aspect of combined picturesqueness and prosperity. This may be reached on foot by paths over Masson and the heights beyond, pleasant walks well provided with guide-posts to direct one towards Winster on the north,

and on the south into the fancifully named Via Gellia, to which a local worthy named Gell stood godfather. Bonsall Dale is the proper name for the lowest part of what is said to be the longest glen in Derbyshire, up which the road goes serpentining for miles between lofty banks of wood, beyond the pass to fork for Bakewell, Buxton and Ashbourne, the last being the driving route to the show part of Dovedale.

OLD COTTAGE ON THE WYE, MONSAL DALE

*(The Cottage is dated G A. 1679)*

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## THE DOVE

This famous little river, that in the vernacular rhymes with *rove* rather than with *love*, divides Sheffield from Derbyshire, and may count for us as the western bound of the Peak country, though beyond its right bank, too, wild and beautiful hill scenery might be celebrated. It rises on Axe Edge, close to the source of the Wye, nor far from that of its own tributary, the Manifold, while from the other side of this watershed, the Dane and the Goyt flow to the Irish Sea. Its head is here marked by a stone bearing the initials of Charles Cotton and Izaak Walton, a record that must be taken for a memorial rather than an autograph of those fathers of angling. Past Dove Head goes the road leading to Ludchurch and

other Staffordshire lions often visited from Buxton, through the border village of Flash, that claims to be the loftiest village in England, and has also the credit, not unquestioned, of giving a disreputable word to our language. Standing so high, near the meeting-place of three counties, it seems to have been once a sort of rural Alsatia, where travelling hawkers made their winter quarters much out of reach of the law, a crew that came to be ill-renowned as Flash men, accused of manufacturing or passing off *flash* money.

From its airy cradle, with the abrupt peaks of Chrome Hill and Parkhouse Hill for beacons, one might track on foot the infant stream's course as it winds through green uplands to Crowdicote Bridge, passing near Longnor, a little Staffordshire town nestled among pretty scenery of rocky tors and wooded nooks. The road from Buxton to this bridge is through the village of Earl Sterndale, where an inn signboard, "The Silent Woman," will shock suffragettes, that phenomenon being represented by——

but it is a stale joke! Here the Dove has made half a dozen miles of its course; and to follow it four miles further by field-path and farm-road along the left bank would bring us to the village of Hartington, where the river first flows into the light of fame.

A few years ago, the London and North-Western Railway Company in part adapted the old High Peak mineral line to carry a railway down the left side of the Dove Valley, usually at some distance from the river. Past Hindlow and Hurdlow, the upper stretch of this line has come down over a bleak and bare country, scarred by lime-burning, honeycombed by old lead mines, and dotted by ancient tumuli. Near it runs an old highway, partly coinciding with a Roman road, the importance of which in coaching days is testified to by the Newhaven Inn, hostelry such as might not be looked for in a so thinly peopled district. About a mile to the left of this road and of Parsley Hay station, on the south side of a by-road to Bakewell, is Arbor Low, already mentioned as the Derbyshire Stonehenge,

near another "high place" called Gib Hill, which ought to be more visited now that the railway makes them less remote from places of resort.

Most of the places above mentioned belong to the huge parish of Hartington, whose "quarters" stretch back almost to Buxton. The station named Hartington, as is rather the way with this line, stands half an hour or so's walk from the village nucleus of the parish, so far better off than when its nearest station was Parsley Hay, still further away through naked dales winding down the stony upland to the river valley. About as far to the other side of Hartington is the Hulme Lee station of a newer enterprise, the Manifold Valley Light Railway, which hence corkscrews to Waterhouses through the Staffordshire hills and glens on the right side of the Dove, to be gained by a walk from more than one of its stopping-places. At Waterhouses this little line comes into connection with a rail that by Leek and Macclesfield goes round to Buxton. One knows not if the coaches

that used to run from Buxton to the Dove Valley will hold out against such competition, now that from railways on both sides its best points may be so easily reached; while Matlock visitors have still to drive across country, their goal usually being the lower stretch of the rocky valley known as Dovedale proper. But the most picturesque part extends all the way from Hartington to Thorpe Cloud, a ramble of some ten miles.

Hartington, which gives its second title to the Devonshire house, shows antiquity in a stately Church with several monuments and remarkable features, also in its well-preserved Jacobean manor-house, which in our day has been turned into a home for "paying guests," anglers or health-seekers in this pure air. The sign of the "Charles Cotton" Hotel proclaims the patron saint of Hartington for tourist pilgrims. Cotton, not much of a saint, to be sure, in his life or his writings, was squire of Beresford close by, living through the Civil War, when his royalist sympathies kept him on

the shady side of fortune, and, like country gentlemen of other ages, he seems to have been much in difficulties. He wrote many books, which at that period was a labour of love rather than of profit. Among his works are *The Wonders of the Peak, Virgil Travestie, Life of the Duke of Espernon, The Complete Gamester*, translation of *Montaigne's Essays* and of other French writers, besides occasional poems, a collection of which was published after his death in 1687. Best known of them is the supplement to Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*.

Izaak Walton, a Stafford man by birth, spent most of his life in London as a hosier in the City, dying at Winchester, 1683, at the patriarchal age of ninety. He wrote poems and biographies, as well as that ever-popular work which breathes such a spirit of Arcadian peace and cheerful content amid the troubles of an angry time. Under Cromwell came out the book so dear to "all that love virtue, and to be quiet, and go a-fishing." Cotton conceived a filial regard for the

author, who seems to have been his guest at Beresford, and he undertook to make the *Complete Angler* more complete by setting forth the art as it should be practised on clear and rapid streams like the Dove. Piscators know how the worthy Izaak's prowess appears to have been mainly in more sluggish waters, with the worm. Sir Walter Scott goes so far as to hint that he was not such a complete angler as a delightful writer. It is the continuation of his book by Cotton that rises to the higher art of flying-fishing, or what he calls "angling at the top."

Below the bridge, a short mile from Hartington Church, begins Beresford Dale, beauty spot of the vicinity. A path opposite the hotel leads to this wooded reach, past a hillock from which one has a good view of the stream so dear to Cotton.

> Oh, my beloved nymph! fair Dove,
> Princess of rivers, how I love
> Upon thy flowery banks to lie
> And view thy silver stream;
> When gilded by a summer's beam,

> And in it all thy wanton fry
> Playing at liberty,
> And with my angle upon them,
> The all of treachery
> I ever learned industriously to try.

At a bend of the river may be seen the "fishing-house" in which Walton and Cotton sat and smoked their pipes by way of breakfast, as need not surprise us when we know how other strong-stomached comrades of "Piscator" walked as far as Hoddesdon, a dozen miles at least out of London, for their morning draught. The little building became restored, but it has now to be kept closed against hands itching to deface it—"Where knives were spoiled to win an inch of fame!" One notes with approval that, perhaps for the first time in history, a certain nobody has lately been fined, under local by-laws, for cutting his name on an ancient monument. The guardians of such relics might imitate an example shown at the Great Globe near Swanage, beside which its constructor has satirically provided two blank slabs for im-

pertinent inscriptions, with the result that they remain unmarred by shamed vandals, but for a complimentary verse:

> Loth should I be with knife to hurt
> Thy stony work, most noble Burt;
> Long may it last to show to man
> How much may do the man who can!

Over the arched doorway of this quaint anglers' shrine an inscription was legitimately carved, as Cotton described it to his friend Viator, with the words *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, and beneath them "the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine, twisted in cipher. . . . It stands on a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without; but by your leave I'll try. Why, this is better and better—fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle." Izaak Walton's note says: "Some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadow about it cannot, unless Sir Philip

Sidney or Mr Cotton's father were again alive to do it."

A little way below the fishing-house comes Pike Pool, where the river, leaving the broad meadows, forces its way through solid rock, and past the spire-shaped mass that made Viator exclaim, "But what have we got here—a rock springing up in the middle of the river! This is one of the oddest sights I ever saw"; to which his host, Cotton, replied: "Why, sir, from that Pike that you see standing up there, distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool, and young Mr Izaak Walton was so pleased with it as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has several prospects of my house also."

Above the Pike Rock a path leads to the top of the bank, where are the remains of a prospect tower, a mere stump now, about which the view is choked up by trees; but broken glimpses may be had into the winding dale. Walking along the edge a little way, and turning down a steep, slippery path, an active explorer might reach—but

it is difficult to find and to get into—one of the caves where Charles Cotton is said to have hidden himself from society, "even of my dearest friends," also from bailiffs who would fain have made his close acquaintance. Behind this bank was his house, Beresford Hall, now swept away, though the site can be made out near the farm buildings.

The wood ends at "Bear's Ford," where, according to local tradition, the last wild Bruin bled to death on English ground; but I have met two muzzled ones lumbering dolefully through the Peak country at the heels of a Basque showman. A little to the right of the footbridge here, on the edge of the wood, is a hole known as the Warm Well, from which an occasional escape of vapour recalls the Delphic Oracle on a small scale.

Past the tumulus-crowned Wolfscote Hill, the river's next reach is Narrow Dale, where it runs so deeply sunk between bare slopes that the sun hardly shines on it till one P.M., hence the local saying, "a Narrow Dale noon." For a couple of miles or so this ravine is less attractive, though many

admire the seclusion of its steep slopes and craggy tors, warmly coloured in the season of wild flowers and gorse blooms. Thus we come down to Load Mill, where the high rock called Shining Tor stands up on the left side before us.

The glen now becomes Mill Dale, and for a little way a road runs down it to the pretty hamlet of that name at the picturesque "Wheel-barrow Bridge," as Viator nicknamed it. ("Why, a mouse can hardly go over it; 'tis not two fingers broad.") It carries the road, however, between Alstonefield and Alsop-en-le-Dale, villages about a mile off on the Stafford and Derby sides respectively, the latter way turning that steep descent that so much dismayed Viator. ("I think I were best lay my heels in my neck and tumble down.") Alsop has a station on the Dove Valley line; about an hour's walk on the other side, beyond Alstonefield, brings one to the Beeston Tor stopping-place of the Manifold light rail. Alstonefield is the place where Buxton coaches have been wont to let down

their passengers, who by a steep narrow path from the church can descend into Mill Dale to traverse Dovedale on foot.

For now we approach the most celebrated part of the valley, its sides, beyond a rock called the Reinster—perhaps a corruption of "the Raven's Tor"—contracting to form the head of Dovedale, where the muse of Cotton and Walton would hardly be so much at home as in the smiling meadows about Beresford. An earlier writer had bluntly dismissed this now famous gorge as "without any matter worth noting." When Viator came tired over the hills, his first thoughts were of being "a stage or two beyond Christendom," though a night's rest put him in case to admit that the sun shone as bright here "as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent"; then after catching a good basket of trout, he owned himself so far in love with the Dove that "I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over." But it was the fish that won his admiration rather than "mighty rocks much higher and bigger than St Paul's Church before it was

burned." A century later the progress of taste appears from an episode in that curious romance *The Spiritual Quixote*, where a very genteel party is shown picnicking in a Dovedale cave with the accompaniment of French horns, German flutes, Rhenish wine and so forth, to spice their enjoyment of the view. In our day such a judge as Tennyson is found praising this as one of the most delicious scenes in England. There is, by the way, an old poem named *The Dove*, by R. Zouch, which I have known to be unearthed by an admirer in hopes of coming upon some appreciative description; but it turns out to be a versified survey of the world made as from a dove's-eye view.

Dovedale is a winding gorge some three miles long, the sides of which at more than one place draw so close as barely to leave room for a footpath beside the river, and that flooded when the water swells. The path runs down the Derbyshire side, where, in wider reaches, it passes over smooth meads of turf, all the sweeter among their rugged surroundings. The banks are about

500 feet high, rising still higher as they retreat into the background; that on the Staffordshire side is more thickly wooded, but everywhere the broken rocks give footing to ash, hazel, birch, and willows, tangled with honeysuckles, briars, and brambles, from which stand up the bare tors and yawn the caverns that are the chief features of the scenery, a little disfigured by dams and other devices in the interest of anglers, or by the notices of "private water" that to all eyes but the proprietor's seem a blemish.

The gorge begins with a fine prospect of the slopes closing in, where at the entrance are seen the Dove Holes, two round-arched caverns close to the path, the roof supported by a central pillar that with other marks of design has caused them to be guessed in part the work of man. The river takes a bend, below which it is crossed by a plank bridge, leading towards a fine dell running up on the Staffordshire side. Then we come to the Pickering Tors, tall columns of rock, two of which stand facing each other from either side like sentinels. These are some-

times called the Portals of Dovedale, which now for a little must become impassable in wet weather. The way lies along a mere rim of the stream under the cliff on the Derbyshire side, presenting the profile of the Lion's Face, that requires some imagination to make it out; but the curious projecting block above all is well called the Watch Box, for at first sight one can hardly believe it not artificial. The Straits are where the walls again close upon the stream, leaving, even in ordinary weather, only a narrow edge of stones uncovered, to realise Sir Walter's description of a similar scene:—

> So high the cliffs of limestone gray
> Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
> Yielding, along their rugged base,
> A flinty footpath's niggard space,
> Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
> May hear the headlong torrent rave,
> And like a steed in frantic fit,
> That flings the froth from curb and bit,
> May view her chafe her waves to spray
> O'er every rock that bars her way,
> Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
> Thick as the schemes of human pride,
> That down life's current drive amain,
> As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

Reynard's Cave next gapes on the bank high above our path, singular in its external arch, a frame through which one looks up to the dark mouth within, to be reached by a steep climb. The cave is more extensive than might be supposed from below; and the view at its mouth repays the struggle up to it, assisted by a rope that will usually be provided in the summer season.

The Derbyshire bank is broken by Tissington Spires, a line of remarkable crags standing out like columns, pinnacles, and flying buttresses from the cliff. On the opposite side, a mass of ivied rock, half hidden among the wood, is called Dovedale Church. Our path now rises over Sharplow Point, an elevated corner from which there is a fine view up and down. It was here, all the guide-books record, that the Rev. Mr Langton, Dean of Clogher, lost his life trying to ride up the heights, as one can well understand, especially when one learns that he took a lady for saddle-fellow on what seems a foolhardy attempt. Sharplow Point has also not failed to become a Lover's

Leap, with a legend such as grows naturally on many Derbyshire tors. In the hollow behind runs a path that in a couple of miles would lead to Tissington; and one might at least turn a little way up it for a clearer view of the spires and other crests bristling above Dovedale, notable among them the rocks known as the Twelve Apostles that stand out upon the wooded Staffordshire bank.

It would, indeed, be worth while diverging all the way to Tissington, a pretty village, with an ancient Church and Hall of the Fitzherberts, noted for having kept up the old ceremony of "Well-dressing" on Holy Thursday, in memory of its escape from the Black Death, or, as some say, of its spring flowing on when neighbours were cursed by a long drought: the custom is indeed of pagan origin and immemorial antiquity, forgotten in most parts of England, but lingering in Derbyshire, to be revived a few years ago at Buxton as a ceremonial advertisement, welcome in our day of shows and pageants.

By Tissington goes the excursionists' road from Matlock to Thorpe Cloud, their station at the foot of Dovedale. The river path, descending from Sharplow Point, keeps hence by the grassy margin to pass before the serrated ridge of Bunster Hill, faced by the conical hill called Thorpe Cloud on the Derbyshire side. Here the Dove makes a sudden bend out of its romantic freaks to emerge into opener meadows between Thorpe and the Staffordshire village of Ilam, standing back in a hollow, where the "Izaak Walton" Hotel is a noted haven of anglers.

Thorpe, with its railway station and hotels, is more frequented by all and sundry visitors; but Ilam is a place of greater fame from its literary associations. In a grotto near the Hall, Congreve wrote one of the plays that are in every gentleman's library if not on railway bookstalls. Dr Johnson is understood to have had Ilam in view as the "Happy Valley" of his *Rasselas*. Not far off, at Wootton, Rousseau spent a winter of discontent, and in his uneasy exile is said to have amused himself

by planting foreign seeds to enrich the flora of the district. Many of Mrs Delaney's letters, it will be remembered, were written to her niece, Mrs Port of Ilam. When S. T. Coleridge, in Cottle's *Recollections*, is made to speak of the "thrice lovely valley of *Ham*," this looks like a misprint for Ilam, a place locally renowned in old days by the sanctity of St Bertram, whose well is shown on Bunster Hill. Beside the stately Hall stands a remarkable Church, containing the shrine of this saint, and among other monuments a noted one by Chantrey representing the deathbed of a former squire.

In Ilam Park the river Manifold, before being swallowed up by the Dove, issues from the subterranean channel in which it has disappeared a few miles back. Up the valley of this river, near Grindon, above a wild dell, opens the arched mouth of Thor's Cave, that has given refuge to men of various races, as shown by the relics found here. This point, two or three hours' walk from Ilam, is on the light railway between Hulme End and Waterhouses.

But we must not be drawn too far aside among scenes of Staffordshire, a county more rich in natural beauties than in the fame of them. Let us stick for a little further by the Dove, now assuming a sober and dignified air as it winds on to the fat lowlands. For most of the short way to Ashbourne the bank may be followed, rocky glens now left behind for meadows trim and squirely woods. By road it is an hour's walk through Mapleton, whose Church got the nickname of "Little St Paul's" from a domelet attributed to Inigo Jones; and its Manor Farm is said to have suggested the "Hall Farm" of *Adam Bede*. It would not be much out of the way to turn aside for Mayfield, where Tom Moore lived in a cottage, now a farm, and "those Evening Bells" are understood to have been the sweet-toned chimes of Ashbourne Church, heard across the green slopes.

Mayfield stands above the Dove, but Ashbourne lies a mile or more off it. The full name of this pleasant market-town, by no means Peakish in its surroundings, is

Ashbourne-in-the-Peak; and as gateway, at least, of the highland district, it has many visitors whom it deserves for its own sake. Here may be seen the goodly mansion where Dr Johnson used to visit his friend Taylor, and the older Ashbourne Hall, home of Sir Aston Cokayne, the Elizabethan poet, that gave quarters to Prince Charlie, and is now turned into a private hotel. A sight in itself is the "Green Man and Black's Head," its quaint sign spanning the street, its covered yard hung with flesh and fowl, as becomes a hostelry of the good old times, where we should not be surprised to find Boots' bell answered by Sam Weller, or even to witness the arrival of a train of pilgrims.

Ashbourne's chief lion, of course, is the grand old Church of St Oswald with its graceful spire, a structure which has questioned the title of Tideswell to rank as Cathedral of the Peak. Its great glory is the "Cockaigne" or Lady Chapel, enshrining a treasure of ancient altar tombs to the Bradbury, Cokayne, Boothby and other allied families. The gem of all, kept

covered up against every breath of time, is the modern tomb of Penelope Boothby by Banks, which is understood to have suggested to Chantrey his masterpiece the "Two Children" in Lichfield Cathedral. The pathetic simplicity of this young girl's monument makes a contrast to the affectation of epitaphs in four languages, by which the afflicted parents were at pains to express their grief.

This pleasant town is more easily visited now than in the days of the Anti-Jacobin, when

> Down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
> The Derby dilly, carrying three insides.

Romantic, to our age, seems hardly the epithet for a neighbourhood which is yet snugly and leafily picturesque in a characteristic English style, to charm American admirers of the "old country." Fresh from wilder scenes, we cannot accept the Georgian poets' standard of romance as fitting woods and farms where "Adam Bede" was at home. We have now reached the lowland pastures, through which the Dove hence-

forth creeps more sluggishly, as if reluctant to lose itself in the Trent, that cuts off Derbyshire's southern end from the larger part watered by those rocky streams of the Peak. The Trent Valley has notable beauties of its own, but in another style. The whole county, indeed, may be likened to a miniature of "Bonnie Scotland," few quarters of which are not worth visiting, while it is the Highland region that basks most warmly in the sunshine of tourist renown.

THE OLD CROSS, GREAT LONGSTONE

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